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## RURAL LIFE IN ANCIENT GREECE.

OUR ideas of the ancient Greeks are mostly connected with their systems of government, their arts and literature. We do not often turn our attention to their rustic pursuits and amusements, their agriculture, their gardening, their care of animals, their rural architecture, and those manners and customs which were developed in their villages and hamlets.

This is partly owing to the few allusions to rustic life to be met with in the Hellenic authors whose works have been preserved. They relate generally to history and philosophy, to politics, social economy, and war. We must except that small but rich collection of poetry, which describes, however, rather the passions and feelings, than the rural habits and pursuits of the nation.

It requires, however, no positive testimony to establish the fact, that very large classes among the Greeks must always have applied themselves diligently to the various processes of rural life. What we regret is, the loss of those works which described the peculiar habits and manners by which the rustic populations were characterized. The Greeks were not, by any means, a listless, dreamy, fantastic people, aiming at finical elegance, and intent exclusively on multiplying monuments of their taste, for the gratification of an admiring posterity.

Though in geographical extent Greece is a small country, it contains within itself a greater variety of tribes and classes than any other region inhabited by one people and subject to one political system. In some provinces men were found who were civilized to the highest extent known to antiquity; while on the other hand, there existed large tribes who, down to the latest period, remained in a state of rudeness scarcely conceivable to those who confine themselves within the ordinary range of classical studies. The care of herds and flocks, horses and mules, their breeding and sale, constituted the entire pursuit of certain communities. Others engaged in traffic, conducted in

a very simple and primitive manner, disposing of their goods at the nearest market, where they were eagerly bought up by foreigners, in exchange for the productions of the East.

The growing taste for the fine arts gave rise to new occupations for the rustic populations. Quarrymen pierced the bowels of the mountains in search of that beautiful material which afterward glittered on the Acropolis and in the marble statues of the gods. The production of groups in bronze gave employment to the miner, to the smelter of metals, to the charcoal-burner, and various other plebeian occupations.

All the mountains, hills, and eminences were richly clothed with wood, and gave birth to innumerable brooks, fountains, and streams, by which the whole country was beautified and fertilized. The happy rustic, astonished by the beauties and delighted by the fertility of nature, joined hand in hand with her in improving the country. His comfortable circumstances enabled him to build a neat, pretty homestead; and in the gratitude of his heart, he erected in the groves, near every beautiful spring, elegant chapels to the nymphs and water-gods, the mystic inhabitants of that element, which so much conduced to his prosperity. Rustic altars and basins were also erected, filled with pure water, where the wayfarer, fainting with thirst, might recruit his exhausted energies, and refreshed, proceed rejoicing on his journey. Between the fields ran green lanes, thickly studded, as in England, with beautiful hedges and trees, producing alike neatness and enjoyment. The fields in summer resounded day and night with the songs of the birds, making the very air one immense choir, tempting the amazed and delighted traveller to think himself in Elysium.

In the heroic ages, the rural life in Greece was of a very simple character. But as the arts and sciences progressed, the occupations of the husbandman were multiplied and refined; new breeds of animals were introduced; the economy of the farm-yard became more complicated; new fruits were introduced in rapid succession; gardens were laid out, partly for profit, partly for that love of every thing which is beautiful in nature which so distinguished the Greeks of that simple age. Numerous birds were imported from the East, the peacock from India, the cock from Media, while other birds came flocking in from all parts of the world. The astonished and delighted inhabitants, who were ignorant that there were such splendid creatures in existence, received them with transports of delight.

The horse and cow were known from the earliest period in Greece, and it is supposed by many that the former was brought from Arabia or the northern shores of Africa.

Greece clothed in the magnificent costume of poetry all the achievements of civilization, and often so completely disguised the truth with gorgeous imagery, that our curiosity is defeated by that

which was at first perhaps meant to gratify it. The fruitful country produced all those vegetable productions which confer a poetical beauty on the face of nature — the rose and the violet ; the lily of all colors, white, blue, and orange ; the lotus and the myrtle ; and an infinite variety of odoriferous shrubs at once pleasing to the eye and grateful to the sense.

Olive-groves and vineyards, with orchards and kitchen-gardens, were found in Greece from very remote antiquity. Oil was one of the principal exports of the country ; and the art of cultivating the olive was in some of the states brought to the utmost perfection. Vines of all varieties covered the slopes of the hills ; and wines were made which were reckoned among the most valuable productions of the country.

Until very recently, it was impossible, without the toil and investigation of years, to form any adequate idea of rural life among the inhabitants of Hellas. But in Mr. St. John's 'History of the Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece,' we now find collected all that can be possibly known on the subject, and to that excellent work, with some extracts from Herodotus and other ancient writers, we are indebted for our knowledge of the rural life of the ancient Greeks.

It was customary in Greece to build their farm-houses in the midst of plantations of silver fir, which in winter defended them from cold, and in summer attracted the refreshing breeze. The house was built in the middle of the grove, with sometimes a flat, sometimes a pointed roof, with a porch surrounded with a rustic colonnade. The larger houses had generally large pots, in which citron-trees were planted, placed on either side of the doors facing the south.

The Attic farmer cared little for the comfort of a home ; there was none of the thriftiness and neatness which is so characteristic of the New-England farm-house. The entrance of his dwelling was crowded with bags of corn, heaps of new cheese, hurdles of dried figs, and packages of raisins. The racks groaned with sweet hams and fat bacon. Even the bed-chamber was often made use of for the reception of fruit — melons hung in long festoons suspended from the rafters.

Close to the house was the sanctum of those — to the Greek — important birds, the geese ; it was styled the *Chenobascion*. Here the birds were kept and fed with all the care that a farmer of the present day would bestow upon a favorite horse. Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, introduced into that island the Malassian and Spartan dogs, the Syrian and Naxian goats, and sheep from Miletos and Attica.

Horses were not common, and were seldom employed for agricultural purposes, but were kept principally for military and religious pomp and processions.

The mule and the ass were, however, much used: the former for carts and ploughs; the latter by the wood-cutters to carry fagots to the city.

The raising of bees was a favorite and important employment of the rustic populations of Greece. Owing to the climate, they thrive better and produce more honey there than in any other part of the world, amongst which the fragrant gold-colored honey of Hymettus stood foremost. It was raised by Pelasgians, the land having been granted them by the Athenians, in payment for a wall they had built around the Acropolis. In course of time, however, the Athenians, true to their character, jealous of the way the Pelasgians had cultivated the heretofore barren land, drove them out of Attica, under the pretence that they had made thieving incursions into the neighboring country.

In the Homeric age, the bees had not been provided with hives, for whenever we find mention of them in the poet, it is either when they are streaming forth from a hollow rock, or settling in golden clusters on the spring blossoms. Virgil, also, who rather imitated what he read than pictured what he saw, speaks of bees that

‘HUNT the golden dew  
In summer heat, on tops of lilies feed,  
Or creep within their bells to suck the balmy seed.’

Hesiod, when comparing women with drones, has an expression, however, that proves that hives were in use in his time:

‘As when within their well-roofed hives the bees  
Maintain the mischief-working drones at ease,  
Their task pursuing till the golden sun  
Down to the western wave his course has run;  
Filling their shining combs, while snug within  
Their fragrant cells the drones with idle din,  
As princes revel o’er their unpaid bowls,  
On others’ labor cheer their worthless souls.’

Small runnels of water, not exceeding two or three inches in depth, paved with pebbles and shells rising above the surface, were constructed in those places where the bees most congregated, so that they might drink at ease and with perfect safety.

When the spring was near a large stream or river, other contrivances were resorted to, to give the bees plenty of water to drink.

‘THEN o’er the running stream or standing lake,  
A passage for thy weary people make.  
With osier-floats the standing water strow,  
Of massy stones make bridges if it flow,  
That basking in the sun, thy bees may lie,  
And resting there, their flagging pinions dry.  
When late returning home, the laden host  
By raging winds is wrecked upon the coast.’

The making of charcoal was another very prominent feature all over Greece. Coal was found in the Morea, and used by smiths in their forges; but it was never brought into general use. The method of preparing charcoal was very simple. Digging a round pit, the burner paved it with stones, and piled up straight billets of wood as close as possible, covering the whole over with turf, so as to form a circular barrow. Fire was then applied to the whole pile, and the covering pierced with holes for the escape of the smoke. When it had burned for a sufficient time, the wood was taken out and laid by for use. Oak and walnut were the woods principally used.

Unfortunately no Greek writer has left us a complete picture of a garden. Allusions are found in the poets, and occasional hints are given by many prose writers; from these fragments, however, it is impossible to give any thing like an approach to a faithful picture of them, and we must, therefore, let the subject alone. Some modern writers, from some inexplicable reason, have endeavored to give currency to the opinion, that one of the most beautiful of modern flowers, the rose, was unknown to the ancient Greeks. But this opinion is altogether erroneous. Homer, speaking of the rosy-fingered morn, does not, as has been supposed, mean the flower of the wild promegranate tree, which was of a different color. Herodotus speaks of the garden belonging to Midas, son of Gordias, in which wild roses grew, each one having sixty leaves, and surpassing all others in fragrance. Elsewhere, too, he compares the flower of the red Niliac lotus to the rose. And Stesichoros, an older poet than Anacreon — who has alluded to the rose in his poems — distinctly mentions chaplets composed of the rose :

‘MANY a yellow quince was there  
Piled upon the regal chair;  
Many a verdant myrtle bough,  
Many a *rose-crown* fealy wreathed  
With twisted violets that grow  
Where the breath of spring has breathed.’

Showing also that that pretty little flower, the violet, was known and valued in those days. Indeed, it shared with the rose the admiration of the Athenian people, who had extensive plantations of both flowers. Growing along the dark borders of streams or fountains, purple, white, and gold,

‘THE violet dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of JUNO’s eyes,  
Or CYTHERA’s breath.’

The geranium, the spike-lavender, the rosemary, the basil, the hyssop, the cytus, the rose-campaor or columbine, the yellow amaryllis, and the celandine.

The cultivation of the vine was a very important branch of Greek industry. The vine was a favorite subject of the poets for fables and traditions.

In its cultivation the Greek rustics displayed great skill and intelligence, and have left us a very fine body of rules to be used in the selection of a piece of ground for a vineyard. The ground was inclosed with a thick and strong hedge, to keep out the foxes and other animals which loved to prey upon the vine. The process is thus described by the poet:

‘Roor up wild olives from thy labored lands,  
For sparkling fire, from hinds’ unwary hands  
Is often scattered o’er their unctuous rinds,  
And often spread abroad by raging winds;  
For first the smouldering flame the trunk receives,  
Ascending thence it crackles in the leaves;  
At length victorious to the top aspires,  
Involving all the wood in smoky fires.  
But most when driven by winds, the flaming storm  
Of the long piles destroys the beauteous form.  
In ashes, then, the unhappy vineyard lies,  
Nor will the blasted plants from ruin rise,  
Nor will the withered stock be green again,  
But the wild olive shoots and shades the ungrateful plain.’

Disastrous indeed were the consequences if the farmer neglected to grub up the oleaster or wild olive, for if by any chance one caught fire, the vineyard was hopelessly lost; as the olive, by its oily nature, communicated the flames so quickly to the vine that it was next to impossible to quench the flames.

A manure composed of pounded acorns was occasionally dug in; the ground being then left in that state a whole year, was again in a proper condition, as to warmth and fertility, for the growth of the vine.

In rich lands the vines were allowed to attain the height of six feet, but on the slopes of hills, and where the soil was lighter, they were usually reduced to three feet.

As soon as the magistrate had announced that the season of vintage had come, (for it was determined by law,) the vintagers hurried forth to the vine-clad hills, youths and maidens, with crowns of ivy on their heads, moving forward with shout, dance, and song, to where

‘THE showering grapes  
In Bacchanal confusion reel to earth,  
Purple and gushing:’

they at once commenced their joyous task, separating the clusters from the vine with pruning-hooks.

## THE WHITE QUEEN.

## CHAPTER FIRST.

## METEMPSYCHOSIS.

It was the mystical St. John's Eve. The moonlight, bright almost as noon-day, fell through old-fashioned, small-paned windows, into a quaint room in an out-of-the-way country village. It was evident at a glance that it was the sanctum of a virtuoso. Fashion and display were plainly set at naught. The carpet was of an almost obsolete pattern, of faded colors. The furniture old and rich, but unpretending. On the walls rare old pictures of almost fabulous value, in tarnished frames; on the mantle a wondrous clock, in company with statuettes, some of charming grace, some of grotesque design, some hideous even in their perfection, but all of curious and surprising art. Antique vases, yellow old books and musty parchments, all seeming to pay honor to the *past*, the grand old hoary past, rather than to point to the future, or to keep in mind the present, in accordance with the conceited complacency of the nineteenth century.

On an inlaid table, the top of which was a chess-board, were the pieces of a set of chess, any one of which was a gem of art, each being exquisitely carved to represent, with a poetic grace of invention, the character of the piece.

Suddenly as the clock rung out, in a sweet, low tone, the hour of twelve, a rustling, like the coming of a summer breeze, filled the room. Then all the objects bearing a look of life seemed suddenly animated. The cunning hands that had called them into their semblances long ago, lay mouldered into dust. The eyes that had lingered fondly over them as each finishing touch had been added, were closed in the last, long sleep. Yet these creatures of those once busy brains and hands, for the time, 'moved, and spoke, and had a being.' The lover who had knelt so long in that exceedingly uncomfortable attitude, before his coy mistress, at last seized and kissed her outright. The dog that had formed the handle of the pitcher, jumped in; perhaps he found something to reward him. The Magdalen in the picture put down the cross she had clasped, to return the caress of the handsome pagan who had so long gazed at her from an opposite frame. While a St. Cecilia quarrelled spiritedly with a vestal.

But we have more to do with those busy chess-men, who have shared so often the hopes and fears of mortals, obeying them, and fighting for them, and suffering and triumphing with them so repeatedly.

By the table sat a tall figure wrapped in a long, gray mantle, show-



ing only a calm, pale face, with deep, impenetrable eyes. It was not there before that rustling breeze filled the room. It was there now gazing on the chess-pieces. The white queen was speaking.

‘I will dare the venture. Year after year I have heeded your caution, but always the return of this night finds me with the same panting eagerness to be free, to live as mortals live, to share even their troubles, so long as I can share their triumphs also, in verity, not in mockery, as now. A queen! only in name am I such! Let me go forth!’

‘It were far better not; be content,’ spoke the figure, in a sad, warning voice.

‘I cannot be content. Whatever fate befalls me, the recollection of this irksome thralldom will give me courage under any trial.’

‘Recollection!’ and the calm face seemed to bear, for an instant, something like a look of human derision. ‘*That* will be only a source of torment to you if you have it at all.’

‘Still, grant my desire!’

‘Be it so, then,’ and laying a hand upon the white queen, the figure turned to another petitioner, the black king. He, too, was equally importunate, equally reckless with the white queen, who now lay shivered so as to be useless for any further obedience to the will of mortal chess-player, only a beautiful relic of the skill of him who had designed and carved the graceful image. The black king shared her fate, before the mantle clock rung forth ‘one.’ Then the rustling breeze filled the room again. The mysterious figure with the pale face and long mantle was gone!

The Magdalen resumed her cross, and upward look of devotion; the pagan his fixed gaze. St. Cecilia and the Roman vestal each attended to her own business again. The lover twisted himself into the same contortion as of yore, and his mistress looked quite guiltless of kissing. All was the same as it had been, except the fragments of the broken chess-pieces lying in the still moonlight, waiting for the morning sun to reveal them to the astonished gaze of the old virtuoso.

#### CHAPTER SECOND.

##### ‘N OR M?’

IN a luxurious bed-chamber, with the light shaded by costly damask and lace, and the footfalls on the rich carpet hushed still more by the subdued feeling that the presence of illness gives, lay a sick lady, with an infant a few hours old by her side. Yesterday the roses were on her cheeks. To-day she lay like a pale, prostrate lily after a fierce storm. Nestled among the dainty lace and embroidery, the fine flannel and linen, lay the little girl whose advent had brought this change. By the bed-side sat the father and husband.



'About the name?' said the lady, 'oh! it must be a pretty name, an odd name, but not a 'Rosa Matilda' name. It must be fitting, agreeing with her surname of Reginald, neither must it show a straining for effect.'

'Many requirements for one name,' said the gentleman gravely, 'for *I* stipulate that there shall be but *one*.'

'Certainly but *one*; a double name is incongruous, to say nothing of being ugly. I hold a theory that the name affects the character of the individual, and therefore the inconsistencies and contradictions we see in so many people may be accounted for by their double names.'

Mr. Reginald smiled at his wife's quaint conceit. 'But,' said he, 'what is the *fitting one*? Is it possible to tell so soon what is fitting for this little thing?

'Not altogether, of course, but I have an impression that Blanche is the right one. It meets many of the requirements.'

The gentleman smiled roguishly as he answered, glancing at the little candidate for a cognomen: 'I should think *Rosa* more fitting than *that*!'

'Rosa! oh! horrid!'

'Violetta, then.'

'Pshaw!'

'I mean for the present,' he hastened to explain; 'it is to be hoped that Blanche will be more suitable by-and-by.'

So Blanche was the chosen name, and she was duly christened, and in course of time, to the question, 'Who gave you this name?' answered, 'My sponsors in baptism,' although in reality her mother had bestowed it upon her quite irrespective of her sponsors.

#### CHAPTER THIRD.

##### FORESHADOWINGS.

BLANCHE REGINALD'S mother died before she reached her third year, and the little girl grew up in the companionship of her father, and educated under his own supervision. He was a quiet scholar, fond of scientific pursuits, and, above all, of the game of chess. To him this was not merely an amusement, a recreation, but a passion and study. To meet a skilful antagonist, was less of a pleasure than to study the science of chess as it can be studied only by its devotees. To solve problems, to make new ones, to dive deep into the lore and literature of the noble game, made his greatest delight. That, and the love for his child, seemed the sole pleasures of his life. He hoped his daughter would also love his favorite game; but he kept the hope in check, fearing disappointment. Her mother had never taken the least interest in it, except indeed to be jealous of the time and at-

tention it absorbed, having spent many lonely hours robbed of her husband's society by the fascination that held him; and the daughter might prove like her mother. 'Indeed,' he said to himself, 'she probably would; few women could understand and love so abstruse a game. The game of love and marriage, rank, wealth, and display, pleased them better. Therefore the great delight the child took in playing with the ivory pieces, leaving always her dolls and toys for them, seemed to him only natural; the bright scarlet and white, and odd shapes being likely to attract her fancy.

Yet of other toys she tired, as all mere toys weary, but of these never. Even the plain paper-set for travelling use, and the dull pictures in the chess periodicals, seemed to possess some charm for her beyond any thing else.

So the father told her the names of all the pieces, and felt quite proud when she knew them all, long before she had learned her alphabet. It was her wont, whenever allowed, to sit watching every game between her father and his friends; and it soon came to be noticed, that besides the eagerness she displayed in every feature, her sympathies, either from caprice or some deeper source, were invariably on the white side.

'It is quite curious, this unchanging devotion to the white men,' said Mr. Reginald one day, after he and his friend had noted her look of grief at the defeat of the white, which her father had just performed.

'It is consistent with her pretty name, however,' the gentleman rejoined. 'I suppose she knows the meaning of it?'

'I think not. I have never told her. She is too young to be likely to know.'

'Perhaps you have played oftenest with the whites, and so she has learned to like them best?'

'Not so, either. I think I have not played oftener with them than with the black. It is not that — some childish whim.'

'Let us ask herself. Blanche, why do you love these white men best — better than these pretty red ones?'

'Because they are my own,' the little girl said simply.

'Your own! How your own any more than these?'

'Oh! don't *you* know? I can't tell. These don't love me,' she replied, pointing to the red pieces, 'but *these* do.'

The gentlemen looked at each other and smiled.

'More mystified than ever. Well, her sex are enigmas. Their preferences and antipathies are generally unaccountable.'

'Yes,' replied Mr. Reginald thoughtfully.

## CHAPTER FOURTH.

## DEVELOPMENT.

BLANCHE grew up to be a very beautiful girl. She was a perfect blonde, as if to be in keeping with the name her dead mother had chosen as most 'fitting.' Not alone in looks, but in character, did this name suit her well. She was pure in all her thoughts and ways; the very type of innocence. But a certain imperiousness that would have been haughty and supercilious, had she not possessed so many sweet womanly traits, was always discernible in her character. She had yielded to her a general homage, which she accepted as if it were her right, not with vanity. There was a quiet dignity and courtesy in her manner, and a regal bearing that forbade familiarity, while it charmed every one. No bevy of beaux ever hovered about her. Inferior belles kept them in attendance, while they gazed afar off on this 'bright, particular star,' admiring yet fearing her. She had no sympathy with their common-places, and they knew and felt the difference. So while all admitted her to be matchless in beauty, she seemed alone in her superiority, but because of this very superiority she felt no sorrow for this state of things. Lovers she never wished; flatterers she despised. Her father's companion only, she was content to remain; and to him she had proved a most acceptable one. Her childish love for his beloved chess had developed into what seemed to him an absolute genius. All the intricacies of the game she seemed to penetrate; all its scope she had comprehended with wonderful ease.

One day her father said to her: 'Blanche, I am very much annoyed because I cannot solve this problem. The editor of the 'Chess Chronicle' says it can be done, yet I cannot find the solution. I wonder if you can do what I cannot.'

Blanche took the problem and looked at it. A wild look of perplexity stole over her fair face, but it was not such perplexity as her father had shown. She solved the problem instantly, and then stood buried in the deepest abstraction, a painful expression knitting her brow.

Mr. Reginald was astonished beyond measure. 'Blanche! do you know the editor? No, you cannot. How did you do it?'

'Why, father, I cannot tell; it is not new. Have you not shown me this before? You surely have,' she said, with painful eagerness.

'Impossible,' he replied. 'That has never been published before, to my knowledge, which certainly extends over a longer time than yours. But my daughter, you surpass me in skill,' he added, in a tone half-pride, half-pique.

'No! no! it is not skill. I think I have done that before, or seen it done. Oh! *where!* when?' and she clasped her hands on her forehead, and paced the room in agitation. It was not the first time she had done so; often after a game, or in the midst of one, she would have long fits of abstraction; and they never seemed pleasant ones. But this time she was so agitated that her pale face turned paler, and the trembling of the small, white hands betokened that some mysterious shock had been given to her.

## CHAPTER FIFTH.

## 'GIUOCO, PIANO.'

ABOUT this time the companionship of the father and daughter was interrupted by an orphan nephew of Mr. Reginald's coming to them. He was the son of Mr. Reginald's widowed sister. She died and left him to the care of her brother, with scanty means to finish his studies for the law. He was young, and of that easy, careless, generous turn which wins friends readily, and seldom makes enemies. Not without talents, but of too little energy to cultivate them much. He had loved his mother devotedly, and came to his uncle almost heart-broken at his bereavement. Blanche, with womanly tenderness, strove in every way to comfort him, and supply the void in his life. And it was no wonder if she succeeded well. Her cousin Philip regarded her as an angel of beauty, grace, and goodness. Ah! which was the saddest position? Lonely, and his heart filled with sorrow for his gentle mother? or comforted, and his heart filled with the dazzling image of his queenly cousin? Could her fate ever blend with his?

## CHAPTER SIXTH.

## CHECK.

BLANCHE was sitting with her cousin, who, on a low cushion at her feet, was looking up to her as though she were his queen.

Mr. Reginald entered.

'My daughter, I have brought a chess-friend home with me; a young East-Indian, who always beats me, confound him, but who is a splendid scholar. I was acquainted with his mother years ago in England; she was a daughter of my old friend and chess-opponent, Sir Rufus, whom you have so often heard me mention. She married a noble French refugee, who became an officer in the East-India service. Her son has inherited his grand-father's genius, besides being well versed in the oriental intricacies of the game. He has often played with the celebrated Ghulam Kassim. Come and see him. Come, Philip.'

'Mr. Rufus Lenoir, my daughter, Miss Reginald.' The two mechanically exchanged the conventional civility of the introduction, and then stood for a moment gazing at each other with a look of bewilderment.

The contrast between them was very striking. Each was a perfect type of opposite kinds of beauty. Blanche was dressed in a simple summer dress of white, so strictly white throughout that it might have been a bridal costume; yet it was wholly unstudied, even to the white camelia in her golden hair. The only jewels she wore were pearls.

Rufus Lenoir was a tall gentleman, of remarkably dignified mien; with that courtly bearing which foreigners possess over Americans, in a nameless kind of way, independent apparently of mere politeness. He was very dark, with jet black hair and moustache, and deep-set, imperious black eyes. He was unquestionably very handsome, yet a haughty curl on his lip, a certain hard, unyielding look in his eyes, detracted from his manly beauty. Philip Blank was much more pleasing with his frank, smiling face, although his features were not near so fine. His pleasant blue eyes and brown curling locks seemed refreshing after a long look in the face of the East-Indian.

It was but a moment that the two gazed so curiously at each other, but it seemed difficult for them to converse freely. Mr. Reginald and Philip wondered what change had come over Blanche. On her lip was a haughty, defiant smile; in her dark blue eyes a flashing scorn. Yet all their words were courteous, and their manners ceremonious in their extreme politeness.

Soon Mr. Reginald engaged them in a game of chess. Never did two opponents seem more eager. Both were influenced by some strange excitement. Once, as their hands moved over the board, that of Lenoir, upon which flashed a large ruby, touched hers. She drew it quickly back, and a slight shudder passed over her.

The game was long and closely contested. Mr. Reginald and Philip watched it eagerly. At last it assumed a certain position, and Blanche cried triumphantly: 'I shall check-mate you in three moves!'

Lenoir seemed more annoyed than chess-players usually are at being beaten, and she seemed more elated than usual. Her father was delighted.

'You are not used to it, Mr. Lenoir, but I am glad my daughter has given you some payment for all I owe you,' said he.

'Oh! I must not allow her to do so many times. My gallantry fails me when I am enlisted in this field, even with so fair an opponent,' and he bowed with ill-concealed chagrin.

This was the first of many defeats that Blanche gave Rufus Lenoir.

Strange to say, he never once check-mated her. He came again and again to the house, influenced by pique, as well as admiration for its fair mistress. She appeared always glad to meet him, but only to oppose him. There seemed some unconquerable antagonism between them. They never held the same opinion on any topic upon which they conversed. In argument as well as in chess, each was eager to defeat the other. Blanche sought his society so much, that poor Philip grew very jealous; yet he need not have been, for Blanche never liked any human being less than she did Rufus Lenoir. Still he was jealous, for his cousin seemed never to think of him now. Her thoughts were filled with this man, and he was thrust out by her antipathy just as effectually as he would have been by her love for another.

That antipathy appeared to absorb her. Instead of repelling, it attracted her toward him. She was restless when he was away, and unnaturally excited when he was present. And Lenoir on his part, had much the same feeling, except that so far he was the conquered one. He thought her very beautiful. She seemed to him, in his overweening pride, the only woman he had ever met who was worthy to be his wife — his *consort* expressed better his feelings about it, for the tender, loving feeling a man has for the one he wishes to be his *wife*, he knew not. To subdue this proud beauty, to show her to the world as his, was all that filled his heart for her.

## CHAPTER SEVENTH.

## CHECK-MATE.

ONE day Mr. Reginald said to his daughter, with an air of constraint very unusual in his intercourse with her: 'Blanche, I have something to say to you.'

'Well, my father, I am listening.'

He looked down thoughtfully, as if studying how best to express what he wished. At last, as if some sudden resolution moved him, he spoke:

'I will waste no words on tedious preparation; it is as well spoken at once. Blanche, Mr. Lenoir has proposed to me for my consent to win you as his wife! what say you, my child?'

'That he may spare himself any further trouble in the matter. I would rather die than marry him,' she replied, so vehemently, so haughtily, that Mr. Reginald was startled.

'And why, my daughter? Is he not a gentleman? Is he not handsome enough for the most fastidious? and polite enough? He has a princely fortune, too, Blanche.'

'Is *that* any reason for *me*, my father?'

‘Yes, Blanche, it is, for I have been very unfortunate of late. I am involved more than you dream.’

‘I am sorry, but we need not repair our misfortune in this way, father.’

‘Why not, my child? Do not be perverse; it is like your sex, but not like you.’

‘My father, I am womanly, I hope, in virtues, if not in faults. A true woman cannot wed where she loathes. I loathe this man!’

Mr. Reginald buried his face in his hands and sighed deeply. Blanche had never seen her father so agitated. She went up to him, and putting her arm around his neck, besought him to tell her why her refusal to marry Mr. Lenoir need affect him so.

Then in low words he told her how he was in the power of the young East-Indian. Blanche could scarcely comprehend how it all came about, but the fact that it was so stood before her in sad earnest.

She was like one standing on a narrow foot-hold, on each side a wild tempestuous sea of despair. On the one hand her father’s disgrace and ruin, or, if she saved him from that, her own doom rose up before her — conquered by the man she most abhorred!

Before she had time to answer, she was summoned to meet Mr. Lenoir, who had been waiting in the drawing-room. Never had she gone more reluctantly to meet him. Her thoughts were in a whirl, her brain giddy. It was a great relief to her that her cousin was present. When Mr. Lenoir, as usual, proposed a game of chess, Philip rose to leave, but she looked at him so imploringly, that he re-seated himself by a window with a book.

Blanche played desperately, as if somehow her fate depended on this game; a vague impression that her father’s honor, even her own life, hung on her victory, clung to her confused thoughts. Rufus Lenoir gazed upon her flushed face admiringly and triumphantly. He thought that unusual glow in her cheeks very becoming, and took it as an omen of success.

He played calmly. He detected a blunder which gave him a winning position. Blanche’s face looked wild with excitement.

‘Check-mate, at last!’ said he, but the next moment started up in dismay. Philip, with a scream of horror, rushed from the window in time to receive his cousin in his arms as she fell from her chair. Over her white dress poured a dark red stream. Her golden hair fell over Philip’s breast. He who loved her so truly held her to his heart at last, but how? The white queen dyed with scarlet! Blanche Reginald was dead!



## CHAPTER EIGHTH.

## RETROSPECT.

RUFUS LENOIR went back to his home in the East-Indies, releasing entirely the heart-broken old man from his power. Before a year had passed, Mr. Reginald slept his long sleep beside his wife and daughter. At Blanche's death his game of life seemed to be played out. Philip Blank went his lonely way with a sorrowing heart. A class-mate taking pity on his sad fate, insisted upon his going with him to a country village, where he had some property to attend to.

'Some rubbish to be taken care of,' said he, 'that I have neglected too long. It was left me by an odd old uncle of mine, who was fond of collecting things nobody valued but himself. I wish I had all the money the trash cost. It is a tumble-down old house, but a very pretty village, and fine fishing, old fellow; so let's take a play-spell,' and he slapped Philip on the shoulder.

Philip went with him more because he was too listless to refuse, than that he promised himself much enjoyment.

It was as his friend said, 'a tumble-down old house.' The woman who had the charge of it said it was time the things of any value in it were removed to a safer place. The neighbors said it was haunted; on *St. John's Eve* particularly, they heard strange sounds issue from the lonely rooms.

Philip followed his companion from room to room, looking at the quaint furniture, the dusty pictures and works of art, with a sadder feeling than usual. He stopped before a small inlaid table, where his friend stood gathering some chess-men into a box.

'There, now! no knowing how much money the old man gave for these, or whence they came, or what royal hands may have moved them. I suppose of course they had a fine history, as most of his traps had. I wish I had the money they cost.' He had not noticed Philip's agitation, as he gazed at a broken piece. It was the white queen.

'Fred,' said he, composing himself by a great effort, and brushing his hand over his eyes, 'let me have this set; I will give you whatever it is worth; you know my uncle was very fond of chess. How much this rare set would have pleased him.'

'Take it, and welcome, Phil—it is nothing to me.' And with trembling hands Philip gathered up the pieces. He dared not look again then at that broken queen, but many, many times after, he gazed upon it with eyes dim with tears, and his bosom stirred by old memories. For the sweet, sad face carved so skilfully long, long ago, seemed to him the copy of his dead cousin, Blanche Reginald.

## THE EXOTIC TREE.

From thine Eden of the sea,  
Hapless tree!  
Where eternal summer smiles  
On the green Caribbean isles,  
Borne to this congenial clime  
In the scowling autumn-time,  
Poor forlorn one, be of cheer,  
Hope is here!

Thou shalt find a friend in me,  
Outcast tree!  
Who will bear thee from the storm  
To a shelter snug and warm —  
An asylum winter-proof  
When the snow is on the roof,  
Or the sleet comes down amain  
On the pane.

Few delights in sooth to boast  
At the most,  
Has our little plain retreat  
In its unpretending street,  
Save a bird or two, or lute,  
Pleasant books and nooks to suit,  
And three pictures on the wall —  
These are all.

Yet while sadness rules the year,  
Far and near,  
Thou shalt sit beside my hearth,  
And its music and its mirth  
From thy memory shall beguile  
E'en the charms of that dear isle,  
Whose enchantment far off gleams  
On thy dreams.

And the nook assigned to thee,  
It shall be  
Just the soothest, sunniest spot  
On the noon-side of our cot,  
Where, throughout the winter day,  
Little prattling ones shall play  
'Mid the leafy shades so sweet,  
At thy feet.

So then, prithee, come with me,  
Hapless tree!  
And beneath our lowly roof  
Let thy greeting be a proof  
That the peasant's humble door  
To the wretched, evermore,  
With as wide a welcome swings  
As a king's!

## FRENCH INVASION OF ENGLAND.

THERE is a large number of sensible men in England, who to this day, in spite of railroads, telegraphs, and newspapers, have not managed entirely to rid themselves of the notion that French rule invariably brings with it Popery, brass money, and wooden shoes; that every Frenchman is a bigoted, persecuting papist; that his wife is invariably unfaithful to her marriage vows; that he wears sabots on all ordinary occasions; that his ordinary diet consists of frogs and thin soup; that his ordinary weight is seven stone, or ninety-eight pounds or thereabouts, and his ordinary height about five feet four inches; that one middle-sized Englishman is competent to thrash three such persons without any extraordinary exertion; that the mere sight of a red-coat is always sufficient to put a company of French soldiers to flight; that the French tongue is gibberish which no sensible man ought to be expected to understand; and that the French coinage is of a debased description, mainly brass.

It is somewhat difficult to reconcile this notion of France and Frenchmen with the chronic terror of French invasion from which England suffers so much, just as difficult as it is to reconcile the theories of most of our friends with their practice of every day; but it is nevertheless possible. Popular errors and absurdities, let them be ever so erroneous and absurd, have generally a foundation of some sort. The vagaries of individuals may now and then be ascribed to disease, but the idea of a whole nation going stark staring mad, and remaining mad year after year, is preposterous. So that when John Bull keeps hurling defiance at France, and increasing his armaments, and yet proclaiming loudly in the same breath that he is able to vanquish any number of Frenchmen the moment they make their appearance, in common courtesy we are bound to search for some means of explaining the old gentleman's inconsistency, before suing out a commission of lunacy. One reason for this panic fear of a French invasion, *malgré* the avowed contempt for French prowess, is to be found in the settled conviction prevalent in every class of the community in England, that if a French army landed, the force in which it would land would be so great as to render the issue of the first action extremely doubtful. In the next place there is an equally well-settled conviction that a French army in an enemy's country is the most plundering, stealing, ravaging army in the world; that neither men nor officers are at all particular as to what they take, or from whom they take it, and that ever if they were allowed to find a lodgment on the British shores for a single fortnight, they would

consume an enormous quantity of provisions and forage, smash a great deal of furniture, and damage an immense mass of female nerves. All of which is doubtless true. At all events, there is abundant excuse in the history of French campaigning for believing every word of it.

Now we are about to do for Mr. John Bull a piece of kindness which probably has rarely, if ever, been done for him before. We are about to claim more prowess for him, greater powers of resistance, greater ability to meet and repel aggression, than he now claims for himself.

All that we know about the prowess of any European power consists in inferences derived from the past exploits of its armies. That this is a much better indication of what may reasonably be expected from it than can be furnished by any improvements or supposed efficiency of its present organization, has been proved over and over by actual experience on the field. Organization or discipline are on ordinary occasions, in every-day warfare, if we may use the phrase, powerful aids; but in extraordinary cases, the morale, temperament, and physical qualities of the raw levies are of far more importance than the training they have to undergo to become finished soldiers. France herself furnished a very remarkable instance of the truth of this in 1793. No troops ever took the field worse equipped, worse fed, drilled, and officered, than those which marched against the Duke of Brunswick under Dumouriez, or than those which served against the Archduke Charles under Napoleon. The same may be said of the Hungarian revolutionary army of 1849. It wanted every thing which a military man considers necessary to make an army really efficient, and yet it ran a career of victory against troops for which training had done all that training can do, and only succumbed to overwhelming superiority of force. The Duke of Wellington has over and over declared in his dispatches that during the Peninsular war, the newly-arrived drafts from England invariably displayed greater ardor and impetuosity than the old hands, and were to be relied on for a desperate service with more confidence. We are aware that this is somewhat opposed to the ordinary notion of the comparative qualities of veterans and recruits, but it is nevertheless a point on which most military men are agreed. The value of veterans lies not so much in their headlong courage as in their powers of endurance in protracted hardships. In these, military habits operate with wonderful effect.

So that it may be fairly said, that to judge of what a force can effect in a great crisis when a great deal is at stake, it is of far more importance to know the habits, temperament, and general character of the people from which it is drawn, than the amount of training which it has received. In estimating the value of a '*levée des boucliers*,' it makes all

the difference in the world whether the '*boucliers*' are borne by Frenchmen or by Bulgarians, by Americans or by Mexicans. Whether a rising is formidable or contemptible when opposed to regular troops, depends mainly upon the spirit of those who rise. Moreover, the difference between regular troops and raw levies has been very much diminished by the recent change in the art of warfare. The improvements in small arms and artillery, the enormous range given to projectiles of all sorts, has rendered the close formations of the old drill not only less useful, but positively disadvantageous. Drill is now resolving itself into aiming well, and affording as little mark as possible to the enemy. Skirmishing, 'long bowls' with the artillery, and a final charge of bayonets, will ere long form the programme of all battles. It is apparent that in this sort of warfare, the personal 'pluck,' intelligence, and activity of the individual soldiers will be of much more importance than their steadiness in line, or accuracy in manœuvring. Now personal courage, activity, and self-reliance are things which are born with a man, and which his mode of life, the customs of the society in which he lives, and the nature of the institutions by which he is governed cultivate, but which no drill-sergeant can ever create.

We cannot remember having ever seen a line of comment upon the much agitated question of a French invasion of England, in which these circumstances were taken fairly into account. The usual mode of calculation adopted, even by English writers on the subject, is to take the number of French regular troops which can be thrown ashore at one *coup*, and the number of English troops which can be assembled on the southern coast at a day's warning, and then upon this, rush at once to the inference which is ordinarily formed as to the probable result of a collision between two bodies numerically very unequal. They make it, in short, wholly a question of mathematics or arithmetic, when in reality it is a mixed question, into the solution of which history, politics, social economy, commercial statistics, morals, metaphysics, and even physical geography must enter. We admit that an English minister finding the country threatened with an invasion, is bound to consider the regular army and regular fortifications as almost the only means of defence. He is, *ex officio*, bound to be guided by actual facts, and not by probabilities. But, on the other hand, an invader has to take into account, not simply the troops which can be concentrated across his path, but the probable action of the whole nation towards him, its morale, its pluck, its capabilities or resolution under the influence of a strong excitement. The two great military errors committed by the elder Napoleon — the invasion of Russia, and the invasion of Spain — were due to his having taken no count of the popular feeling, in calculating the amount of resistance he would

meet with. He was prepared to meet and vanquish the army, and he did so, but he was not prepared to fight the nation, and he fell under its blows.

Now in this power of unorganized, undrilled resistance, if we may so term it, we think John Bull is as well off as any nation in the world, except, perhaps, our own. Of all the great battles in which Englishmen have been engaged, those in which they have been least officered are those in which their military qualities have shone most conspicuous. The battle of Inkermann was fought without an attempt at manœuvring, and almost without an attempt at command. It was essentially a 'soldier's battle,' fought by companies and small groups, every man relying mainly on his own efforts for victory, and yet there has been no action in British military annals which displayed greater determination on the part of a vastly inferior force, and in which numerical odds were so largely counterbalanced by the bravery and self-reliance of the men. The leadership of the English army has on the whole been inferior to that of most continental powers, but the rank and file has always been the subject of unqualified eulogium; so that the want of a large, drilled and officered force, would be less felt in resisting an invasion in England, than in many of the continental states. The raw material is evidently better, and the better the raw material the less training is necessary.

Another thing seems taken for granted in all discussions we have seen upon the subject of a French invasion of England, by English writers themselves as well as by foreigners, and that is, that whenever the French and English land forces come in collision, the English would get the worst of it. But if, as we have attempted to show, the actual or apparent efficiency in discipline, drill, and organization of an army does not by any means furnish safe data for judging of what it can accomplish on the field, as a great deal depends on the nature of the quarrel, the habits of the people from amongst whom the army is recruited, and nature of the institutions under which they live, this presumption is altogether worthless in calculating the chances of a Napoleonic irruption into the British Islands. That a far better idea can be formed of an army's capabilities, as we have already said, by a knowledge of its past history than by any insight whatever into the state or details of its present organization, has been demonstrated in a most remarkable manner within the present year by the fate of the Austrian forces in Italy. It may be safely said that ever since 1848, nothing that skill and science could suggest had been left undone to secure its efficiency. Twelve months ago it was confidently spoken of as the best army in Europe. Any one who disputed the fact, could have been overwhelmed in five minutes by a military statistician with facts and figures showing the perfection of all its details, and the ex-

traordinary care taken to make it a machine of unequalled destroying power. But no amount of argument derived from the books of the quarter-master-general's department, would countervail the evidence on the other side, supplied by a recital of its doings during the last sixty years. The innumerable reverses with which its annals, during that period, are crowded, received at the hand of antagonists of all sorts, from Napoleon's Old Guard down to the raw Hungarian levies of 1849, prove that no drill or organization can compensate for the absence of homogeneity and spirit in the raw material. The Austrian army has never since the French revolution achieved any success against a united and decently armed and equipped force. For these reasons, no matter what changes may hereafter be made in its organization or arms, it is by no means unfair to conclude that it will never be a match for a national army such as that of France, or Russia, or such as we hope that of Italy will be ere long.

Now, if we judge the British forces by this standard, we shall find that during the twenty years' war which followed the French revolution, if we except the Duke of York's absurd expedition to Walcheren, and Sir John Moore's masterly retreat before an overwhelming force, ending in the victory of Corunna, the British troops all but invariably had the advantage in every case of collision in the field with the French. It is not necessary, within the limits of an article like the present, to enumerate in detail the battles of the Peninsular war. That war furnishes illustrations of every variety of tactics, battles, sieges, skirmishes, advances, retreats, and in them all the upper hand rested with the British. Many of the Duke of Wellington's victories were amongst the most complete of modern times. That of Vittoria in particular was as decisive and as terribly destructive to the enemy as Austerlitz itself, and they were all won over large and imposing masses of French troops, commanded by the best generals of the empire. At the close, Soult himself was driven back into France through the Pyrenées, and the last battle of the campaign was fought, though without decisive result, on French soil. The campaign of Waterloo is fresh in every body's recollection. It was, as the Duke of Wellington said, 'a regular pounding match, each side trying which could pound the hardest.' The English troops, moreover, were not the veterans of the Peninsular war. These had been sent off direct from Bayonne to meet their fate at the hands of Jackson's irregulars in the swamps of New-Orleans. The army which bore the brunt of Napoleon's onsets was made up mainly of fresh draughts, sent over hastily from England, at the first news of the French advance into Belgium, and the subaltern officers were in great part beardless youths, fresh from Eton or Westminster. How it all ended is now an old story, but it continues to furnish excellent reason for believing that the notion that



a French army landing on the southern coast of England could dispose of a reasonably large British force assembled to meet them — though the latter might be in great part fresh levies — without any difficulty, is unwarrantable in the extreme. The conclusions arrived at on this subject by a recent writer in the *Quarterly Review*, are all falsified by the English military history of the last half-century, and rebutting testimony could not well come from a better source.

To suppose that Louis Napoleon has not considered all these things, is to suppose him a much greater dolt than any thing he has yet either done or left undone warrants us in believing him to be. His course in Italy last summer proves that he is keenly alive to the fact that for a war to be thoroughly satisfactory to the French people, it must be short and brilliant. They are enthusiastic, excitable, and greedy of glory, but like all men of their race, they enjoy it most when the effort it requires and the sacrifices it entails are not too protracted. Nothing can make a long war palatable to them but a succession of victories such as those with which the elder Napoleon studded his career, but there has only been one such leader as he in a thousand years. The campaign of Lombardy was their ideal of a campaign. It had four great triumphs crowded into six weeks, and it was near enough to home to bring every detail visibly before the eye. A campaign in England would possess no such attractions. It would not end until every spark of resistance was crushed out, until the fleet was utterly destroyed, and every man in the country disarmed, and not only disarmed but reduced to despair. When we remember the trouble it has taken to reduce even such countries as Poland, and Hungary, and Italy, countries so much less populous, less warlike than England, so vastly inferior in all the elements both of moral and material resistance to any such state of subjection as that indicated above, it can be easily imagined that no man of Napoleon's discrimination would readily undertake a similar task. It would cost him not one, but two or three such armies as that which he led into Italy, to accomplish it, and having conquered the country, it would need a garrison of three hundred thousand men to keep it. Unlike most continental countries, England has no great plains on which a large army can manœuvre with ease, and on which a mob of irregulars can be dispersed without difficulty. It is covered with fences, towns, and buildings to a degree unequalled, perhaps, in any country in the world, and they all offer corresponding facilities for the attack of partisans upon a regular force. A great battle won at Hastings would still render it necessary to clear every hedge, as far north as Aberdeen, of its skirmishers, or assassins, or whatever we please to call them, and he would be a bold officer, who, in the heart of such a country, would venture to ride far from head-quarters with a dispatch or an order. One

hundred and twenty years of occupation by an enormous military force have not sufficed to make the Austrian position in Italy any thing but precarious, and of late apparently untenable. The Russian domination in Poland had prevailed for fifty years, when it was thrown off in 1820 by a bloody insurrection. And yet the vast majority of the Polish people were serfs, steeped in ignorance and degradation, for whom liberty and country are words without meaning, and the majority of the Italians are a soft and pliant race, broken to a foreign yoke by two centuries of conquest and invasion. It would be a strange mistake to suppose that such people are more tenacious of their independence, more wrought on by traditions of past greatness and glory than the English, more easily induced to sit down quietly under the dominion of a hated enemy, and satisfy their pride with the memory of what they once were.

These facts, nobody, we imagine, has more clearly before him than Louis Napoleon himself. So that an invasion of England, with a view of retaining it as a conquered province, is, we may feel pretty sure, a thing which he does not contemplate; consequently, if we believe that he contemplates it at all, it must be with the view simply of making a raid, destroying English commerce and manufactures, disorganizing the government, spreading terror and confusion through the country, throwing hundreds of thousands of artisans out of employment, and killing and wounding some thousands of men, plundering London, and then having 'avenged Waterloo,' returning to France. We must say that this theory of the objects of the invasion is in our eyes, though more feasible, very much more improbable than the former one. It is based on the supposition that Louis Napoleon is animated in his public policy by very much the same motives as a Cananche or Malay chieftain, and that the morality and humanity of the French people is very much on a par with those of pirates. We know that men in high places are often capable of great wickedness, but nevertheless there is a limit beyond which the depravity even of military monarchs will not carry them. It is more than two centuries since any European sovereign perpetrated an invasion merely for invasion's sake, and entered a friendly country avowedly to harry and lay waste. We know of nothing in Louis Napoleon's antecedents, bad as some of them are, to warrant us in believing that he is capable of conceiving, or at least of carrying out any such enterprise. He is certainly not half so devoid of scruples as his uncle was, and has tenfold more respect for the public opinion of the world, and his uncle never invaded a country avowedly and expressly to ravage and humiliate it. All his great wars were undertaken, ostensibly at least, in the name of liberty, or to exact reparation for real or alleged injuries. He did a great deal of damage in his progress, but not more than war,

as he conducted it, rendered necessary, and as soon as it was discovered that he really was animated in his inroads by a blind and insatiable lust of mere glory, the civilized world rose on him and crushed him. The present Emperor has given a thousand proofs already that he has profited by his uncle's example, and he is not likely to make an outrageous exception to the rule he has apparently laid down for himself, even to gratify an old spite against England.

Besides all this, if he attempted such an enterprise, he would need to be supported in it at least by the public opinion of France, and to suppose that the French people would concur in a scheme for the destruction of the commerce, and plundering of the cities of a neighboring nation, and one of its best customers to boot, is to strongly ignore its position in the civilized world. No nation has done more for the promotion of liberal ideas, of a frank and fair recognition of the inherent rights of man, of the dignity of human nature, of the arts, sciences, and literature, of every thing, in short, which is opposed to spoliation, and outrage, and violation. These native tendencies were, it is true, overborne in the time of the first empire by the weight of the Emperor's genius and of his despotism, but no one who is at all familiar with the history of France during the last forty years can fail to recognize their existence and their force. No popular demonstrations in France on questions of foreign policy have ever been so hearty and so enthusiastic, as those which asked for the intervention of French armies in foreign quarrels, not to lay waste and to subjugate, but to liberate and to save. The cause of Poland and of Italy command a respect and sympathy amongst the masses of the French people which they meet with no where else. A demonstration on behalf of the former was one of the first and noblest 'excesses' of the revolution of 1848. To suppose that such a people will joyfully clap its hands over a piratical expedition against the liberty and property of a great and free people on its borders, is to insult human nature itself, and to suppose that Louis Napoleon would undertake it without the hearty sympathy of his subjects, is to accuse him of greater rashness and less discrimination than he has ever yet displayed.

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TOM'S WEDDING DAY,

KEEPING Tom's wedding-day, his friends  
Boozed till their brains were addled;  
They drank his *bridal day*! Tom sighed and said:  
That same day I was *saddled*.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.

THE wit of Douglas Jerrold was like a gleam of sun-shine amid April showers, like a flash of lightning amid the leaden clouds of a summer storm; ay, and not unlike to the loud clap of the succeeding thunder was the peal of hearty laughter that would burst forth around after the great wit had emitted the electric shock from his well-charged mental battery. Like to sun-shine and to lightning many a scintillation of wit passed away from the memory immediately it had shone forth, or the recollection of its brilliancy was lost, its place in the memory, being usurped by a brighter gleam or a mere vivid flash, followed by a still louder peal of laughter, in which none joined more heartily than did Jerrold himself; for upon no ears did the words seem to strike more unwittingly than upon his, it seeming as if his power of speech outstripped his power of thought; the reasoning faculties only coming into play after the productive. It is said that he used to look upon his repartees 'as tricks — as a mere habit of mind — which he could teach any dull fellow in two lessons.'

Jerrold's son and biographer in the recently published collection of his wit, acknowledges such collection to be very incomplete. 'It cannot,' says he, 'include one twentieth part of the brilliant repartees, the sparks of wisdom, the flashes of burning fire, which fell from the eloquent tongue that is now mute forever.' If some attentive Boswell had been, note-book in hand, constantly at Jerrold's elbow, and had jotted down on the spot the thousands of 'good things' that in the daily intercourse of life fell from the lips of one of the 'kindest amongst men,' a whole library of volumes would have been required to contain them. 'A complete collection of Douglas Jerrold's wit,' continues his biographer, 'is now impossible. From far and near, however; from old friends long separated, from club associates and fire-side companions, I have gleaned the few ears of golden grain which time had left within the reach of their memory. Not one friend who has afforded me a single grain has failed to assure me of his sorrow over the treachery of his memory. The ghosts of a hundred good things appeared to him, but he could not reach them.'

The writer of these lines has, night after night, in the smoking-room of the Museum Club, spent many pleasant hours in Douglas Jerrold's company, and though his memory fails him in a retention of ninety-nine out of every hundred of the brilliant sayings he has heard, yet the hundredths still linger in his recollections; and as these are not chronicled in the published volume alluded to, it may not be thought out of place, nor does he think that it can be considered presumptuous, if he herein gives them to the world.

Seated by the fire-side, for there Jerrold almost invariably sat, he

more than vied with the burning coal in imparting warmth and cheerfulness to the assembled members, for at times the fire would die out unobserved, yielding to its neighbor's superior brilliancy. The sparkle of Jerrold's conversation invariably occupied the entire attention of those around him, and was evidently more congenial to them than the flame of the blazing fire. But our wit would have little to say if, along with the score or more of regular *habitués* of the room, there should be one stranger present — the strange presence seemed almost to hermetically seal his lips; but let the intrusion be removed, and with an exclamation of, 'Now we are alone; let's have some fun,' the game would begin, and bright sun-shine disperse the gloom that had previously reigned around.

Jerrold was seated in his accustomed corner one night, about the time when the far-famed author-amateurs commenced their theatrical career, when the conversation turned upon taking a rural Thespian tour. One of these author-amateurs was discoursing upon the delights to be derived from a brief vagabondizing life; and concluded with: 'Suppose a lot of us go and play in the neat country barns, and billet ourselves at the nice country inns!' When, 'Ay, and coo it, too!' was Jerrold's pert reply.

Another night, a member dropping in, stated that he had just come from that legal vicinage, Lincoln's Inn Fields. He remarked that the ground was quite wet there, while in the neighborhood of the Club it was perfectly dry, and wondered what could be the cause of the difference. 'Perhaps the lawyers have something to do with it,' chimed in a second member; when quickly exclaimed Jerrold: 'Very likely, owing to the heavy dues.'

One evening a journalist of the ponderous editorial kind, whose spirits were at the time raised by alcoholic power, bragged of the number of years he had been a member of a literary coterie, and stated that at last he had been elected to the office of president thereof. 'That reminds me,' said Jerrold, 'of a story I once heard of an old soldier who in battle got shot in the calf of the leg, and the bullet got so embedded that the doctors could not extract it. Well, at first the fellow did not feel comfortable with his heavy companion, and had to grin and bear it; but in illustration of the principle that use is second nature, in course of time he began to like the lead.'

When Leigh Hunt received a pension from the Queen, in testimony of his literary abilities, a friendly dinner was given to him by the members of the Museum Club. The Rev. Francis Mahoney, the celebrated 'Father Prout,' was asked during dinner to which dish he would be served. 'Oh! I'll thank you for a slice of that leg of mutton,' replied he. 'Just like you, Mahoney,' said Jerrold, 'always trying to catch the Pope's eye.'

Jerrold once took the chair at the annual dinner of the Eclectic Club, a discussion society, whose members were principally composed of students in law and letters. After the cloth was drawn, the chairman, about to give the first toast, requested that the glasses should be charged; afterward rising to fulfil the duty imposed upon him, casting his eyes first down one of the side-tables and then down the other, he exclaimed: 'I believe, gentlemen, that you are all charged — for the Queen, Prince Albert, and the rest of the Royal Family.'

Jerrold could not bear any degree of forwardness or impertinence on the part of servants. Dining one rainy day at the Club, seated alone at a side-table, an attendant, who was remarkably free in addressing members, said to him: 'It's a very wet day, Sir, to-day, Sir, is n't it, Sir?' The diner gave a sharp look, and exclaimed: 'Waiter, salt!' This demand was duly supplied with: 'Salt, Sir; yes, Sir, salt!' Fancying, doubtless, that he had not been heard, the attendant a second time made an attack with an assertion as to his knowledge of the humidity of the day, and an inquiry as to whether the diner did not agree in the accuracy thereof. 'Pepper, I say, pepper?' was all the reply received. After which, 'Pepper, Sir; yes, Sir, pepper,' followed from the waiter, with the supply executed in accordance with the demand. But the knight of the napkin was not to be abashed by this second rebuff, and a third time returned to the charge with, 'It's a very wet day, Sir, to-day, Sir; is n't it, Sir?' but with no better success. 'Mustard, Sir, confound it, Mustard!' was Jerrold's sharp response; upon which John, nettled at this third rebuke, uttered: 'Perhaps, Sir, you do n't think so, Sir.' An instantaneous look from Jerrold then drove the poor fellow, chop-fallen, out of the room, and his tormentor found relief in a hearty fit of laughter.

During the existence of the Museum Club, a dozen of its members established themselves into a lesser club, called the Zodiac. This coterie was formed for the purpose of dining together monthly, and each member was named after a Zodiacal sign. Great amusement was caused in the appropriation of the names. Jerrold chose for himself 'Scorpio'; an Hibernian member was christened 'Taurus, or the Irish Bull'; a Caledonian, 'Sagittarius, or the Scottish Archer'; and a native of the dominions of St. David, 'Capricornus, or the Welsh Goat.' An eminent physician, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and celebrated for his treatment of cutaneous diseases, was put down for 'Cancer.' A blushing journalist was cast for the part of 'Virgo'; and the remaining characters were appropriately personated. When the Club was in solemn gastronomical and conversational conclave, it was imperative upon each member, under a penalty of one penny for every omission, to address his company by their Zodiacal names. The representative of



that sign wherein the sun was at the time to be found, took the chair, and it is unnecessary to state that at these monthly meetings wit and humor flew fast and furious.

Like to most other authors, Jerrold considered publishers fair game. He says of them, that they 'look upon authors simply as a butcher looks upon Southdown mutton, with merely an eye to the number of pounds to be got out of them.' At a time when there was raging in the literary world of London a fierce war on the subject of free trade in books, in which battle the publishers fought under the banners of Conservatism, Jerrold came up to a publisher whose boots at the moment were receiving a polish from a juvenile street shoe-black. The former, laying his hand upon the latter's shoulder, said: 'I'm glad to find a publisher attempting to possess clean feet, for I can't say much for his hands.'

Upon the same subject the writer will give an anecdote which he has heard, but for the authenticity of which he cannot vouch; at any rate, it is too good to be omitted. Jerrold's publishers, whom we will call Smith and Jones, presented him one day with a pair of infant porkers wherewith to stock his suburban pig-stye. Some time afterward these gentlemen being on a visit at Jerrold's residence, expressed a desire to see their porcine gifts. 'With all my heart,' replied the host; 'come this way;' and he then led the way to the out-houses. The day was sunny, and the pigs were under cover. 'Call them out,' said one of the guests. 'Very well,' replied Jerrold, and turning toward the pigs, he cried: 'Come, come — pig, pig, pig — Smith, Smith — Jones, Jones, Jones,' and then addressing his visitors, he continued, 'You see, gentlemen, in naming them, I have not been forgetful of those to whose generosity I am indebted for them.'

A conundrum of Jerrold's was current coin among the literary small change of London at the time of the publication there of Mrs. Stowe's popular story. As it is but little, if any, known upon this side of the Atlantic, it is here given. The conundrum is as follows:

'Why is it evident that 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' can not be the production of a man's hand? Because it bears the impress of Harriet Beecher's toe!'

The reader of Jerrold's works can not fail to notice how his writings are imbued with the spirit of Shakspeare. That master-mind was in fact his great exemplar. The writer hereof once heard him state, after his return from a two or three weeks' sojourn in that beautiful sea-girt garden, the Isle of Wight, that he had taken with him thither, as his only literary companion, a copy of Shakspeare, and had, whilst there, again read through every play. He speaks of his model as 'the great magician, who has left immortal company for the spirit of man in its weary journey through this briary world — has bequeathed



scenes of immortal loveliness for the human fancy to delight in, founts of eternal truth for the lips of man to drink, and drink, and for aye to be renovated with every draught.'

Mrs. Cowden Clarke some years ago published a small volume of Shakspeare's proverbs, which she dedicated to Jerrold. Their dedication was dictated with such good taste, and clothed in such appropriate language, that it can not be inappropriate here to quote it. It reads as follows:

'To Douglas Jerrold, the first wit of the present age, these Proverbs of Shakspeare, the first wit of any age, are inscribed by Mary Cowden Clarke, of a certain age and no wit at all.'

During the latter years of Jerrold's life, when he edited *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, a journal of which it has been said that 'he found it, as it were, in the street, and annexed it to literature,' it was most gratifying to notice not only the great success of his teachings, but the interest he used to take, and the pride with which he used to refer to the rapid rise he was producing in the circulation of the paper. If he met a friend, almost the first words upon his lips would be to inform him of the number of thousands the last issue had surpassed that of the previous week. Jerrold was a thorough enemy to humbug and hypocrisy, and used to be ever fond of running a tilt against the over-paid dignitaries of the Church. In the pages of a comic periodical, published about ten years ago, it was facetiously said of him that 'such was his enmity to the bench of bishops that he refused to take a chop at the Mitre,' that being the name of a celebrated London chop-house. In the next publication the journalist continued the joke by stating that he had discovered that his previous statement was not founded on fact, as he had since learned that 'instead of Jerrold refusing to take a chop at the Mitre, it was understood that he had chopped it to pieces.'

Alluding to the brilliancy of Jerrold's wit, a writer in the *London Athenæum* justly states that it 'was all steel points, and his talk was like squadrons of lancers in evolution;' and further, 'that it was nimble, crackling and original; no man could resist its spontaneosity and sparkle, and it wrote its daily story in London life as a thing apart and institutional.'

Jerrold has been called a cynic and a sarcast; those who could apply to him the first attribute could know nothing of his character, and could never have been in his company; and as to the second, it can be truly said that he never used the pen of the satirist but the cause therefor would justify the end. It is true that Jerrold was noted for the sharpness of his repartees, and none experienced the pungency of his wit more than his dearest and oldest friends; but these sharp sayings, says his biographer, 'were pointed in purest frolic.'

The best evidence of this is, that although Jerrold often said bitter things, even of his friends, this bitterness never lost him a friend; for to all men who knew him personally, he was valued as a kind and hearty man.'

Mr. Leigh Hunt said of Douglas Jerrold, that 'if he had the sting of the bee, he also had his honey;' and Mr. Charles Dickens thus affectionately writes of a friend, the memory of whom he must ever cherish, 'that marvellous brightness and quickness of perception which has distinguished him far and wide as the sayer of some of the wittiest, and often some of the wisest things also, in the English language, expressed itself almost with the suddenness of lightning. This absence of all appearance of artifice or preparation, this flash and readiness which made the great charm of his wit, rendered him at the same time quite incapable of suppressing a good thing from prudential considerations. It sparkled off his tongue before he was aware of it. It was always a bright surprise to himself, and it never occurred to him that it could be any thing but a bright surprise to others. All his so-called better things were said with a burst of hearty school-boy laughter, which showed how far he was himself from attaching a serious importance to them. Strangers apparently failed to draw this inference, plain as it was, and often mistook him accordingly.'

No portrait of Jerrold was ever published that did him justice. The keenness of his eye or the intensity of his expression was ever wanting. Happily, shortly before his death, a celebrated London photographer was successful in obtaining of him a life-like sun-picture. It represents the great wit with one eye slightly contracted, as he used to appear when watching the effect caused by the utterance of some brilliant remark, or the discharge of some pungent repartee; whilst the long light brown hair flows back, mane-like, from his fine-formed head, as it were refusing to hide a particle of his intellectually marked brow.

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THE MERRY MOURNER.

CRIES Tom to his neighbors, as onward they prest,  
Conveying his wife to the place of long rest,  
Take, friends, I beseech you, a little more leisure,  
For why would you make a *toil* of a *pleasure*?

## P O E S Y .

## I.

ON seaward crags the bittern has its nest :  
I know the place ; I love its solitude ;  
Nor less I love the swallow's place of rest  
Beneath the eaves ; nor less his little brood.

## II.

Hast heard of Arcady ? Of fairy-land ?  
Life's elixir ? Founts of perpetual youth ?  
I know the place : O happy, happy band  
That follow me ! They find the vision truth.

## III.

I know old Ocean : every sight and sound :  
The storm, the calm, familiar are to me ;  
The joyous barks, off-shore, when homeward-bound ;  
The lonesome wrecks that drift far out at sea.

## IV.

I know the meaning of the doubts and fears  
That darken earth : I know why cheeks are wan ;  
Why smiles are few ; why there are many tears :  
I know that mystery, the heart of man.

## V.

I know his lot ; the sorrow he must bear  
Till death release him from JEHOVAH'S frown ;  
I know the burden of that great despair —  
The load of sin that weighs the ages down.

## VI.

How many woes make up a human life !  
How hard it is for man his soul to save !  
How long the road, how full of toil and strife,  
That separates the cradle from the grave !

## VII.

I know it all : how often have mine ears  
Given audience to a host of souls in pain !  
Oh ! what a weary thing this life appears,  
To one whose prayers have been, or seemed, in vain.

## VIII.

And am I blind, a leader of the blind ?  
Ah ! no, I see : these eyes are full of light :  
Yet not mine own : within me is enshrined  
The light, the glory of the INFINITE.

T O —

As, in lone fairy-lands, up some rich shelf  
Of golden sand the wild wave moaningly  
Heaps its unvalued sea-wealth, weed and gem,  
Then creeps back slow into the salt sad sea :  
So from my life's new-searchéd deeps to thee,  
Beloved, I cast these weed-flowers. Smile on them.  
More than they mean I know not to express.  
So I shrink back into my old sad self,  
Far from all words where love lies fathomless.

### THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN.

Sursum corda! (Lift up your hearts.)

*October 3d.*

It seems really as if a malignant power was tasked to invent the strangest and most cruel trials, to propose them in turns to my conscience and my heart.

M. Laubépin not having arrived this morning, Mme. Laroque sent to ask me for some particulars which she wanted for the arrangement of the preliminaries of the marriage settlement, which, as I said, is to be signed to-morrow. As I am condemned to keep my room for a few days yet, I begged Mme. Laroque to send me the title-deeds and private documents which are in her father-in-law's possession, that I might settle the difficulties that were stated to me. They immediately sent up to me two or three drawers full of papers, which had been secretly carried away from M. Laroque's study; advantage being taken of a time when the old man was asleep, for he has always shown himself very jealous of his private archives. In the first paper which I opened, my family-name, several times repeated, caught my eye suddenly, and excited my curiosity irresistibly. Here is the literal text of the document:

T O M Y C H I L D R E N .

'The name which I bequeath to you, and to which I have done honor, is not my own. My father's name was Savage. He was an overseer on a plantation of some size in the island of St. Lucia (then a French island) which belonged to a rich and noble Dauphiné family called Champcey d'Hauterive. In 1793 my father died, and I inherited, though still young, the confidence which the Champceys had reposed in him. Toward the close of that fatal year, the French Antilles were taken by the English, or were given up to them by the insurgent colonists. The Marquis de Champcey d'Hauterive, (Jacques Auguste,) not yet overtaken by the orders of the Convention, then commanded the frigate *Thétis*, which had cruised in those waters for three years. A pretty large number of French colonists, throughout

the Antilles, had contrived to turn their property into money, as it was threatened daily. They had arranged with Commandant de Champcey to organize a flotilla of light transports, in which they had embarked their possessions, and which was to undertake the voyage back to France, under the protection of the guns of the *Thétis*. I had long ago, in anticipation of impending disasters, received orders myself to sell, at any price, the plantation which I managed after my father's time. On the night of the fourteenth of December, 1793, I embarked alone in a boat at Point Morne au Sable, and secretly quitted St. Lucia, which was already occupied by the enemy. I carried away in English notes and guineas the price I had contrived to get for the plantation. M. de Champcey, thanks to the minute knowledge he had acquired of those coasts, had succeeded in eluding the English cruiser, and taken refuge in the difficult and unknown channel of Gros Ilet. He had ordered me to meet him there that very night, and only waited for my arrival on board before leaving the channel in company with the flotilla which he was to convoy, and steering for France. In crossing to him I had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the English. These masters in treachery gave me the choice of being shot on the spot, or to sell them, for the million of which I was the bearer, and which they would leave me, the secret of the channel where the flotilla lay sheltered. I was young, the temptation was too strong; and in half an hour the *Thétis* was sunk, the flotilla taken, and M. de Champcey severely wounded. A year went by, a year that brought me no peace. I was going mad. I resolved to make the accursed Englishmen pay for the remorse by which I was torn. I crossed to Guadaloupe, changed my name, and devoted the greater part of the price of my crime to the purchase of an armed brig, and fell upon the English. For fifteen years I washed with their blood and my own the stain I had inflicted, in an hour of weakness, on my country's flag. Although my present fortune has, more than three fourths of it, been won in glorious combats, the origin of it was none other than I have said.

‘Returned to France in my old age, I inquired into the position of the Champcey d'Hauterive family: it was a happy and wealthy position. I continued to hold my peace. May my children forgive me! I have not been able to find courage, during my life, to blush before them; but my death must deliver my secret to them, and they will use it according to the dictates of their consciences. For myself, I have but one entreaty to address to them: sooner or later there will be a final war between France and her neighbor across the way; we hate each other too much; whatever may be done, we shall have to eat them, or they to eat us! Should this war break out in the life-time of my children or grand-children, I desire that they should present to

the state a corvette, armed and manned, on the sole condition that she be called the *Savage*, and be commanded by a Breton. At every broadside she discharges against the Carthaginian shore, my bones will tremble with joy in their grave!

‘RICHARD SAVAGE, called LARQUE.’

The recollections suddenly awakened in my mind by reading this terrible confession, confirmed its correctness. I had heard my father a score of times tell, with mingled pride and bitterness, the episode in my grand-father's life here alluded to. Only it was believed in my family that Richard Savage, whose name was perfectly present to my mind, was the victim, and not the furtherer, of the treachery or chance which gave up the commander of the *Thétis*.

I could now account for the singularities that had often struck me in the old sailor's character, and particularly his pensive and timid bearing before me. My father always told me that I was the living portrait of my grand-father, the Marquis Jacques, and doubtless some glimpse of the likeness from time to time pierced through the old man's clouded brain, even to his uneasy conscience.

No sooner possessed of this revelation, I fell into terrible perplexity. I could not, as far as I was concerned, feel more than a feeble malice against this unfortunate man, the defect in whose moral sense had been atoned for by a long life's repentance, and by a passionate despair and hatred, which were not lacking in grandeur. I could not even breathe without a sort of admiration the fierce breath which still animated the lines, traced by that culpable but heroic hand. Still, what was I to do with this terrible secret! The first thing that struck me was, that it destroyed any obstacle between Marguerite and me, that henceforth this fortune which had kept us apart would be almost a bond of obligation between us, since I alone, of all the world, could give her a legal title to it, by sharing it with her. In reality, this secret was not mine, and though the most innocent chance had revealed it to me, strict integrity perhaps required that I should let it await its time in the hands of those for whom it was intended; but what! meanwhile, that which was irreparable would be accomplished! An indissoluble knot would be tied! The tomb would close forever over my love, my hopes, my inconsolable heart! And should I allow this, when I could stay it by a single word? And these poor women themselves, when the fatal truth should one day put them to blush, would they share my regrets and my despair? They would be the first to say to me: ‘If you knew it, why did you not speak?’

Well! no! not to-day, nor to-morrow, nor ever, as far as I am concerned, shall those two noble foreheads blush with shame, and I will not purchase happiness at the price of their humiliation. This secret

which belongs only to me, which the old man himself, now mute forever, can no longer betray; this secret has ceased to exist; the flames have devoured it.

I thought it over well. I knew what I ventured to do. It was a testament, a deed, and I destroyed it. Besides, it would not have advantaged me only. My sister, intrusted to my care, might have found a fortune in it; and without consulting her, I have with my own hand plunged her back into poverty: I know all that; but two pure, lofty, and proud souls will not be crushed and withered under the burden of a crime that was unknown to them. A principle of equity was involved, which seemed to me superior to the mere letter of justice. If I have committed a crime in my turn, I will answer for it! But this struggle has ground me to powder; I can no more!

*October 4th.*

M. LAUBÉPIN at length arrived yesterday evening. He came to shake hands with me. He was abstracted, abrupt, dissatisfied. He spoke briefly of the marriage which was afoot. 'Very successful operation,' he said; 'very laudable combination on all accounts; nature and society both receive the securities they have a right to demand on such an occasion. Whereupon, young man, I wish you a good night, and I shall set about clearing the delicate ground of the preliminaries, so that the car of these interesting hymeneals may reach its journey's end without jolting.'

There was a gathering in the drawing-room at one o'clock this afternoon, amid the customary preparations and company, to proceed to signing the settlements. I could not be present at this ceremony, and blessed my wound that spared me that torture. I was writing to my little Helen, to whom I strive more than ever to devote my whole soul, when, toward three o'clock, M. Laubépin and Mlle. de Porhoët walked into my room. M. Laubépin, in his frequent visits to Laroque, could not fail to appreciate the virtues of my venerable friend; and there has long existed between these two old people, a platonic and respectful attachment, the character of which Doctor Desmarets in vain strives to misrepresent. After an exchange of ceremonies, endless bowing and courtesying, they took the seats which I brought them, and both began to contemplate me with an air of serious bliss. 'Well,' said I, 'is it over?'

'It is over!' they replied in unison.

'Did it go off well?'

'Very well,' said Mlle. de Porhoët.

'Excellently well,' M. Laubépin added. Then, after a pause: 'The Bévallan is gone to the devil!'



‘And the young H  louin on the same road,’ continued Mlle. de Porho  t.

I uttered a cry of surprise. ‘Good heavens! what does that mean?’

‘My friend,’ said M. Laub  pin, ‘the projected union offered all the advantages that could be desired, and would no doubt have secured the joint happiness of the parties to it, were marriage a purely commercial partnership; but it is not so. My duty, when my assistance was called in for this interesting circumstance, was therefore to regard the inclination of their hearts, and the suitability of their characters, no less than the proportion of their fortunes. Now, I thought I observed, from the first, that the nuptials in preparation had the awkwardness of not exactly pleasing any body; neither my excellent friend, Mme. Laroque, nor the amiable bride, nor the most enlightened friends of those ladies; in short, no one, unless, perhaps, it may please the bridegroom, about whom I do but little care. It is true, (and I am indebted for this remark to Mlle. de Porho  t,) it is true, I say, that the bridegroom is a gentleman.’

‘Ought to be! if you please!’ was the severe interruption of Mlle. de Porho  t.

‘Ought to be a gentleman,’ M. Laub  pin resumed, ‘but he is a kind of ‘ought to be,’ gentleman that does not suit me.’

‘Nor me either,’ said Mlle. de Porho  t. ‘It was fellows of that stamp, unmannerly grooms like this man, whom we saw in the last century, under the lead of the Duke of Chartres coming out of the English to pave the way for the revolution.’

‘Oh! if they had only paved the way for the revolution,’ said M. Laub  pin sententiously, ‘one could forgive them.’

‘A million excuses, my dear Sir; but pray speak for yourself! However, that is not the question. Be so good as to go on.’

‘Well then,’ continued M. Laub  pin, ‘seeing that every one was going to this wedding as if to a funeral, I sought for some means, at once honorable and legal, if not to return to M. de B  vallan his promise, at least to induce him to take it back. The step was all the more allowable, as, in my absence, M. de B  vallan had taken advantage of the inexperience of my excellent friend, Mme. Laroque, and of the pliability of my colleague in the adjoining town, to secure himself exorbitant advantages. Without departing from the letter of the stipulations I succeeded in sensibly modifying the spirit of them. Still, honor and the promise given imposed limits upon me, which I could not overstep. The settlements, after all, remained still quite advantageous enough for a man of some loftiness of soul, and animated with true tenderness, to accept them with confidence. Would M. de B  vallan be the man? We had to run the risk of it. I confess it

was not without emotion that I began this morning, before our imposing audience, to read the irrevocable deed.'

'As for me,' Mlle. de Porhoët broke in, 'I had not a drop of blood in my veins. The first part of the deed was so advantageous to the enemy, that I thought all was lost.'

'No doubt, Mademoiselle; but as we augurs say, the poison is in the tail, 'in caudâ venenum.' It was amusing, my friend, to see M. de Bévallan's face, and the face of my colleague of Rennes, who was present, when I suddenly unmasked my batteries. At first they looked at each other in silence, then whispered in each other's ears, and at last rose, and coming to the table before which I was seated, asked me in a low tone for explanations.

'Speak up, if you please, gentlemen,' said I; 'we must have no mystery here. What do you want?'

'The public was beginning to listen. M. de Bévallan, without raising his voice, insinuated to me that the deed was a work of mistrust.

'A work of mistrust, Sir!' I replied, in the highest tone of my organ. 'What do you mean by that? Is it at Mme. Laroque, at me, or at my colleague here, that you aim this strange imputation?'

'Hush! silence! no noise!' said the notary of Rennes, in his discreetest tone; 'let us see; it was agreed on at first that the lady's property should not be settled on herself'

'Not settled on herself, Sir? And where do you see any mention of its being settled on herself?'

'Come, my colleague, you know very well you are bringing it about by a subterfuge.'

'A subterfuge, my colleague? Allow me, as your senior, to persuade you to erase that word from your vocabulary.'

'But,' M. de Bévallan muttered, 'my hands are tied on every side; I am treated like a little boy.'

'What, Sir? What are we at this moment doing, according to you? Is this a marriage-settlement or a will? You forget that Mme. Laroque is living, that her father is living, that you are marrying, Sir, and not inheriting—not yet, Sir; a little patience, what the devil!'

'At these words Mlle. Marguérite rose. 'Enough of this, M. Laubépin,' she said; 'throw that deed into the fire. Mother, have Monsieur's presents returned to him.' And she left the room with the step of an insulted queen. Mme. Laroque followed her. At the same time I hurled the deed into the fire-place.

'Sir,' said M. de Bévallan, in a threatening tone, 'that is a manœuvre of which I well know the secret!'

'Sir, I will tell it you,' I replied. 'A young lady, who respects herself with a just pride, had conceived a fear that your attentions

were addressed only to her fortune ; she has no longer any doubt of it. I have the honor to wish you good-day.'

'Thereupon, my friend, I went to join the two ladies, who actually threw their arms round my neck ! A quarter of an hour later M. de Bévallan left the chateau with my colleague from Rennes. His departure and disgrace had the inevitable effect of unloosing against him all the servants' tongues, and his shameless intrigue with Mlle. Héloûin soon came to light. That young lady, already for some time an object of suspicion on other accounts, tendered the resignation of her situation, and it was not refused her. It is unnecessary to add that the ladies have secured an honorable livelihood for her. Well, my boy, what have you to say to all that ? You are not in great pain, surely ? You are as pale as a corpse.'

The truth is, that this unexpected news stirred up so many emotions, both happy and painful, in my breast, that I felt on the point of losing consciousness.

M. Laubépin, who is to go away at daybreak to-morrow, came again this evening to say good-by to me. After a few embarrassed words on both sides, he said : 'Come now, my dear child, I will not question you as to what is going on here ; but if you should happen to need confidential advice, I would ask you to come first to me.'

In truth I could not unburden myself to a more friendly or more trusty heart. I gave the worthy old man a detailed account of all the circumstances since my coming to the chateau, that have marked my intercourse with Mlle. Marguérîte. I even read him some pages of this journal, to give to him a more exact idea of the character of this intercourse, and also of the state of my mind. Except only the secret that I had discovered the day before in M. Laroque's archives, I hid nothing from him.

When I had ended, M. Laubépin, whose forehead had for a moment looked very thoughtful, spoke in his turn : 'It is useless to disguise from you, my friend,' he said, 'that, in sending you here, I looked forward to a union between you and Mlle. Laroque. At first every thing succeeded as well as I could wish. Your two hearts, which, in my opinion, are worthy of each other, could not meet without understanding each other ; but that strange event, on the romantic theatre of Elven Tower, completely disconcerts me, I confess. What the deuce ! my friend, to jump down from the window, at the risk of breaking your neck, was quite sufficient proof, allow me to tell you, of your disinterestedness ; it was very superfluous to add to that honorable and delicate proceeding a solemn oath never to marry the poor child, unless under conditions that are absolutely impossible to expect. I boast myself to be a man of resources, but I acknowledge

myself entirely incapable of giving you two hundred thousand francs a year, or of taking them away from Mlle. Laroque!’

‘Well, Sir, advise me. I have more confidence in you than in myself, for I feel that my reduced circumstances, always liable to breed a suspicious temper, may have irritated to an excess the sensitiveness of my honor. Speak. Do you authorize me to forget the indiscreet but still solemn oath, which is now all, I believe, that separates me from the happiness you dreamed of for your adopted son?’

M. Laubépin rose; his thick eyebrows contracted over his eyes, he paced the room with long strides for several minutes; then, stopping before me and grasping my hand strongly, he said: ‘Young man, it is true I love you as my own child; but should your heart break, and mine after it, I will not tamper with my principles. It is better to go too far than to stop short in honor; and of oaths, all that are not exacted at the point of the knife, or at the muzzle of a pistol, ought either not to be taken, or ought to be observed. That is my opinion.’

‘And mine too. I will go with you to-morrow.’

‘No, Maxime, stay here some time longer. I do not believe in miracles, but I believe in God, who seldom lets us perish by our virtues. Let us give PROVIDENCE some delay. I know that I am asking you for a great effort of courage, but I ask it formally of your friendship. If, in a month, you do not hear from me, well, you can then go.’

He embraced me, and left me with tranquillity in my conscience, and desolation in my soul.

October 12th.

It is two days since I became well enough to leave my retirement, and visit the chateau. I had not had a chance of seeing Mlle. Marguerite since the moment we parted at Elven Tower. She was alone in the drawing-room when I entered; on recognizing me she made an involuntary movement, as if to rise; then she remained motionless, and her countenance was suddenly dyed a becoming purple. It was contagious, for I felt that I too blushed up to the eyes.

‘How do you do, Sir?’ she said, giving me her hand; and she uttered these simple words in a tone so gentle and humble—so tender, alas!—that I could have wished to throw myself on my knees before her. But I was obliged to reply to her in a tone of cold politeness. She looked at me sorrowfully, then lowered her large eyes with a resigned air, and resumed her work.

Almost at that moment her mother sent for her to go to her grandfather, whose state was becoming very alarming. For several days he had been unable to speak or to move; paralysis had got almost entire possession of him. The last gleams of mental activity were

extinct; sensation and pain alone remained. They could not doubt that the old man's death was at hand, but life was too strongly entrenched in that energetic heart to leave it without obstinate struggling. The doctor had predicted that the conflict would be a long one. Still at the first appearance of danger, Mme. Laroque and her daughter had lavished their attentions and watchings, with the passionate self-denial and the unreserved devotedness which are the peculiar virtue and glory of their sex. In the evening of the day before yesterday, they had succumbed to weariness and feverishness, and Doctor Desmarets and I offered to take their places beside M. Laroque during the ensuing night. They consented to take a few hours' rest. The doctor, who was himself very weary, soon told me he was going to lie down on a bed in the room adjoining. 'I am no good here,' he said; 'the thing is over. You see he doesn't even suffer any longer, poor man! it is a condition of stupor that is quite painless. Awakening from it will be death. So we can make ourselves easy. If you notice any change, call me; but I don't think any change will take place before the morning. Meanwhile, I am fainting with sleepiness, absolutely!' He gave a loud yawn, and went out of the room. His language, in presence of the dying man, shocked me. He is an excellent man, nevertheless; but to pay death the respect which is its due, we must not only see the senseless matter which it destroys, but we must believe in the undying principle which it sets free.

Left alone in the chamber of death, I took a seat near the foot of the bed, from which the curtains had been turned back, and tried to read by the light of a lamp which stood on a little table near me. The book fell from my hands. I could think of nothing but the strange combination of events which, after so many years, gave to this guilty old man the grandson of his victim as the witness and guardian of his last sleep. Then, amid the profound stillness of the time and place, in spite of myself, I thought of the scenes of tumult, and violence, and blood, of which this dying existence had been so full. I sought for the distant impression of them on the countenance of this suffering aged man, on the large features which stood forth in pale relief against the shade, like a plaster-mask. I saw there nothing save the seriousness and premature repose of the grave. At intervals I approached his pillow, to assure myself that the breath of life still dilated his weakened breast.

At length, toward the middle of the night, an irresistible drowsiness took possession of me, and I fell asleep, my forehead resting on my hand. I was suddenly awakened by a kind of mournful shivering. I raised my eyes, and felt a thrill dart through the marrow of my bones. The old man had half-risen on his bed, and fixed on me an

attentive and astonished gaze, in which shone an expression of life and intelligence unknown to me before that moment. When my eye met his, the spectre trembled; he stretched out his arms on each side of him, and said to me in a tone of entreaty, whose strange unfamiliar sound stopped the beating of my heart: 'Marquis, forgive me!'

I tried to rise, to speak, but in vain. I was petrified in my chair.

After a silence, during which the dying man's gaze, still riveted on mine, continued its entreaty, he went on: 'Marquis, deign to forgive me!'

At length I summoned up strength to advance toward him. As I drew near, he drew back as if in pain, and trying to avoid a touch of terror. I raised my hand, and gently lowering it before his eyes, which were dilated beyond measure and stupified with fear, I then said: 'Be at peace! I forgive you!'

I had scarcely uttered these words, when his withered face brightened with a flash of joy and youth. At the same moment two tears started from the dried-up sockets of his eyes. He stretched out his hand toward me; then the hand suddenly shut with violence, and clenched itself in the empty air with a threatening gesture; his eyes rolled within the open eyelids, as if a bullet had struck him in the heart. 'O the Englishmen!' he murmured; and immediately fell back on the pillow a lifeless mass. He was dead.

I called out in haste; some one came running in. He was soon surrounded with pious tears and prayers. As for me, I withdrew, my soul deeply troubled by this extraordinary scene, which must remain forever a secret between the dead man and me.

This sad event in the family at once burdened me with the cares and duties of which I stood in need, to justify, in my own sight, my prolonged stay in this house. I am unable to conceive for what motives M. Laubébin advised me to put off my departure. What can he hope from this delay? I fancy he has, in this matter, yielded to a kind of vague superstition and childish weakness, that ought never to have influenced a mind of that temper, and to which I have myself done wrong to submit.

How comes it that he did not see that he was assigning me additional useless suffering, and a position of no freedom or dignity? What am I doing here now? Is not now the time when I can justly be reproached with playing with the most sacred feelings? My first interview with Mlle. Marguérite sufficed to prove to me the full rigor of the test to which I had condemned myself; when M. Laroque's death happened, and restored for a short time some degree of naturalness to my intercourse, and a kind of propriety to my stay.



*October 26th. — Rennes.*

ALL is said! O God! how strong was that tie! how it encompassed my whole heart! how it has torn my heart to break it!

Yesterday evening, about nine o'clock, as I was leaning out at my open window, I was surprised to see a faint light approach my room through the dark paths in the park, and in a direction which people from the chateau were not in the habit of taking. A moment after, there was a knock at my door, and Mlle. de Porhoët came in, quite out of breath. 'Cousin,' she said, 'I want to talk to you.'

I looked her in the face. 'Some bad news?'

'No, not exactly that. However, you shall judge for yourself. Sit down. My dear child, you have passed two or three evenings of this week at the chateau: have you noticed nothing new, nothing strange, about the ladies there?'

'Nothing.'

'Have you not at least noticed in the expression of their faces a sort of unusual tranquillity?'

'Perhaps so. Apart from grief at their recent loss, they have seemed to me more calm, and even more happy than formerly.'

'Doubtless. Other peculiarities would have struck you, if you had lived, as I have, in daily intimacy with them the past fortnight. For instance, I have often detected signs of a secret understanding and some mysterious arrangement passing between them. Moreover, their habits have altered noticeably. Mme. Laroque has put away her brazier, her sentry-box, all her harmless Creole inanities; she rises at fabulous hours, and sits down at the work-table with Marguërite before day-break. They are both smitten with a passionate taste for embroidery, and are learning how much money a woman can earn a day in that kind of employment. In short, there was an enigma, of which I strove to find the key. The key has just been revealed to me, and, though perhaps intruding on your private affairs sooner than suits you, I have thought it right to give it you without delay.'

After the protestations of perfect secrecy which I eagerly made to her, Mlle. de Porhoët went on to say, in her own gentle, firm language: 'Mme. Aubry came this evening to see me by stealth; she began by throwing both her ugly arms round my neck, which displeased me very much; then, in the thick of a thousand selfish lamentations which I spare you, she entreated me to stop her relations, on the brink of ruin. This is what she has learned by listening at doors, as her graceful custom is; the ladies are at this moment asking for power to make over all their property to a religious society at Rennes, so as to destroy the inequality of fortune which still separates Marguërite and you. Not being able to make you rich, they are making themselves poor. I thought I could not leave you in ignorance, cousin,



of this revolution, which is equally worthy of their generous souls and their fantastic brains. You will excuse me for adding that it is your duty to put a stop to their design at any cost. What repentance is laying up for our friends, and with what frightful responsibility it threatens you, it is unnecessary to tell you; you understand it as well as I do, at a glance. If you could now, my friend, accept Marguérite's hand, that would settle every thing in the happiest way in the world; but you are tied down in this respect by an engagement, which, blind and rash as it was, is none the less binding on your honor. There remains, therefore, but one thing for you to do: to leave Brittany without delay, and resolutely to cut the ground from under the hopes which your presence here must inevitably result in fostering. When you are no longer here, it will be easy for me to bring those two children to reason again.'

'Well! I am ready; I will go away this very night.'

'That is right,' she said. 'In giving you this advice, my friend, I myself obey a very rigorous law of honor. You cheered the last moments of my loneliness; you restored to me the illusion of the sweetest attachments of this life, attachments lost to me for many years. In sending you away, I am offering up my last sacrifice: it is an immense one.' She rose, and looked at me for a moment, without speaking. 'At my age we do not embrace young men,' she resumed, smiling sadly, 'we bless them. Farewell, dear child, and thank you! May the good God help you!' I kissed her trembling hands, and she left me precipitately.

I hastily made preparations for my departure, and then wrote a few lines to Mme. Laroque. I entreated her to renounce a determination, the full scope of which she had not been able to estimate, and to which I was firmly resolved, on my part, not to become an accomplice. I gave her my word — and she knew that it could be relied on — that I would never accept happiness at the cost of her ruin. At the close of the letter, the better to divert her from her mad plan, I spoke vaguely of a near future, in which I pretended to discern chances of fortune.

At midnight, when all were asleep, I said farewell, a cruel farewell, to my retreat, to the old tower where I had suffered so deeply, where I had loved so deeply! and stole into the chateau by a secret door, of which a key had been given me. I stealthily crossed, like a criminal, the empty and sounding galleries, finding my way as well as I could in the darkness, and at last reached the drawing-room where I had seen her for the first time. She and her mother had left it scarcely an hour ago; their recent presence was still betrayed by a sweet, warm perfume, with which I was suddenly intoxicated. I sought and touched the basket, in which her hand had, a few mo-

ments previously, replaced her newly-begun embroidery. Alas! my poor heart! I fell on my knees before the place which she usually occupies; and there, my forehead throbbing against the marble, I wept and sobbed like a child. O God! how I loved her!

I took advantage of the last hours of the night to be driven secretly into the small neighboring town, where I this morning took the coach for Rennes. To-morrow evening I shall be in Paris. Poverty, loneliness, and despair; you whom I left there, I come to find you again! Last dream of youth — dream of heaven, farewell!

*Paris.*

NEXT day, in the morning, as I was about to go to the railway, a post-chaise drove into the court-yard of the hotel, and I saw old Alain get down out of it. His countenance brightened when he saw me. 'Ah! Sir! what good fortune, you are not gone away yet! Here is a letter for you!' I recognized Laubépin's hand-writing. He told me in two lines that Mlle. de Porhoët was seriously ill, and was asking for me. I only took time to change horses, and then threw myself into the chaise, after persuading Alain, not without difficulty, to take the seat opposite me. I then pressed him with questions. I made him repeat the news he had told me, which seemed to me incredible. Mlle. de Porhoët had received, the previous evening, from Laubépin's hands, a ministerial document, announcing that she was put into full and entire possession of the inheritance of her friends in Spain. 'And it seems,' Alain added, 'that she owes it to you, Sir, who discovered some old papers in the tower that nobody thought of, but which have proved the old lady's good rights. I do n't know what truth there is in it; but if it is so, it's a pity, I said to myself, that such a respectable lady should have got such ideas into her head about a cathedral, and won't let them go; for you must know she holds to them more than ever, Sir. At first when she received the news, she fell flat on the floor, and they thought she was dead; but in an hour she began to talk without end or break about her cathedral, choir and nave, chapter and canons, north aisle and south aisle, so much, that they had to bring her an architect and some masons, and lay all the plans of her cursed building on her bed. At last, after three hours' talking about it, she dozed a little, then woke up and asked to see Monsieur —— Monsieur le Marquis,' (here Alain shut his eyes and bowed,) 'and they sent me quickly after you, Sir. It seems she wishes to consult Monsieur about the aisle.'

This strange event threw me into profound astonishment. Still, by the help of my own recollections, and the confused particulars given me by Alain, I contrived to hit on an explanation which more positive

information was soon to confirm. As I have said, the case of the succession to the Spanish branch of the Porhoëts had gone through two phases. First, there was a long law-suit between Mlle. de Porhoët and a great house of Castile, which my aged friend had finally lost in the highest court; then a new suit had arisen, in which Mlle. de Porhoët was not even concerned, about the same succession, between the Spanish heirs and the Crown, which alleged that the property had devolved to it as an escheat. Meanwhile, still prosecuting my researches among the Porhoët archives, I had, about two months before my departure from the chateau, laid my hand on a curious document, of which I here give the literal text:

‘DON PHILIP, by the grace of God, King of Castile, Leon, Aragon, the Two Sicilies, Jerusalem, Navarre, Grenada, Toledo, Valencia, Galicia, Majorca, Seville, Cordova, Cadiz, Murcia, Jaën, the Algarves, Algesiras, Gibraltar, the Canary Islands, the Eastern and Western Indies, and islands and continents of the Ocean; Arch-Duke of Austria; Duke of Burgundy, Brabant, and Milan; Count of Hapsburg, Flanders, the Tyrol, and Barcelona; Lord of Biscay and Molina, etc.

‘To thee, Hervé Jean Jocelyn, Sieur de Porhoët-Gaël, Count Torres Nuevas, etc., who hast followed me into my realms and served with exemplary faithfulness, I promise by special favor, that, in case of thy direct and lawful descendants becoming extinct, the possessions of thy house shall revert, even to the detriment of the rights of my crown, to the direct and lawful descendants of the French branch of the Porhoët-Gaël family, as long as any shall exist.

‘And I make this engagement for myself and my successors, on my kingly faith and word.

‘Given at the Escorial, April, 16th, 1716.

YO, EL REY.’

Side by side with this document, which was only a translated copy, I had found the original text, with the Spanish arms on it. The importance of the document had not escaped me; but I had been afraid of exaggerating it. I had great doubts as to whether the validity of a title, over which so many years and events had rolled, would be admitted by the Spanish Government: I even doubted whether it would have the power to do justice to it, in case it should have the will. I therefore decided to leave Mlle. de Porhoët in ignorance of a discovery of such apparently problematic effect; and I confined myself to dispatching the deed to Laubépin. Not receiving any answer, I had soon forgotten it in the midst of the personal anxieties which then overwhelmed me. However, contrary to my unjust suspicion, the Spanish Government did not hesitate about redeeming the promise of Philip V., and immediately that a final decree gave to the Crown the

immense inheritance of the Porhoëts, the Government nobly restored it to the lawful heir.

It was nine o'clock in the evening when I got out of the chaise, before the threshold of the humble cottage, which that almost royal fortune had so tardily entered. The little servant came to the door. She was weeping. I immediately heard M. Laubépin's deep voice, at the top of the stairs, saying: 'It is he!' I hastily ascended the stairs. The old man pressed my hand warmly, and ushered me, without a word, into Mlle. de Porhoët's room. The physician and the curé from the town sat silently in the shade of a window. Mme. Laroque was kneeling on a chair near the bed; her daughter, standing near the head of the bed, was supporting the pillows on which my poor friend's head rested. When the sick woman saw me, a slight smile passed over her greatly changed features; and she with difficulty disengaged one of her arms. I took her hand, I fell on my knees, and could not restrain my tears.

'My child!' she said, 'my dear child!' Then she looked steadily at M. Laubépin. The old notary took up a sheet of paper which was on the bed, and appearing to finish reading something that had been interrupted, said:

'For these reasons, I appoint, by this will, (the whole of which is written by my own hand,) universal legatee of all my property, as well in Spain as in France, without any reserve or conditions, Maxime-Jacques-Marie Odier, Marquis de Champcey d'Hauterive, of noble heart and noble race. Such is my will.

'JOCELYNDE JEANNE,  
'Comtesse de PORHOËT-GAEL.'

In my excessive surprise, I rose with a sort of abruptness, and was about to speak, when Mlle. de Porhoët, gently guiding my hand, placed it in Marguerite's. At the sudden touch, the dear girl trembled; she bowed her young forehead over the pillow of death, and murmured, blushing, some words in the dying woman's ear. As for me, I could find no words; I fell on my knees again, and prayed to God. Some minutes had passed amid solemn silence, when Marguerite withdrew her hand from mine suddenly, and made a sign of alarm. The doctor approached hastily, and I rose. Mlle. de Porhoët's head had sunk back suddenly; her looks were fixed, radiant, and turned toward heaven; her lips parted a little, as if she had been talking in a dream, she said: 'O God! God of mercy! I see it—yonder! Yes: the choir, the golden lamps, the windows—the sun every where! Two angels kneeling before the altar—in white robes—they wave their wings. O God! they are alive!' This cry died away on her mouth, and left it smiling: she closed her eyes, as if falling asleep, and suddenly an air

of undying youth spread over her countenance, which could no longer have been recognized.

Such a death, crowning such a life, carries with it lessons with which I wished my soul to be filled to its depths. I begged to be left alone in the room with the priest. That pious vigil, I trust, will not be lost upon me. As I looked on that countenance which wore the impress of glorious peace, and over which some reflection of the supernatural seemed dimly to stray, more than one forgotten or doubted truth came before me with irresistible evidence. My noble, holy friend, I well knew that you had possessed the virtue of sacrifice: I then saw that you had received its reward.

Toward two o'clock in the morning, giving way to weariness, I felt a wish to breathe the fresh air for a moment. I descended the staircase in the dark, and walked into the garden, avoiding going through the parlor on the ground-floor, where I had observed a light. The night was profoundly gloomy. As I approached the turret at the end of the little inclosure, a slight noise sounded under the hornbeams, and an indistinct form at the same moment emerged from among the leaves. I felt a sudden dizziness, my heart palpitated, the sky looked full of stars. 'Marguérite!' I said, stretching out my arms. I heard a little cry, then my name murmured in a whisper, then nothing—and I felt her lips on mine. I thought my soul was leaving me!

I have given Helen half my fortune: Marguérite is my wife. I close these pages forever. I have nothing to confide to them now. It may be said of men, as it has been said of nations: 'The happiest are those that have no history!'

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#### DEPARTED.

THE love-sick winds went all day long  
About the gardens, to-and-fro;  
In vain they listened for her voice  
In some sweet strain of long ago;  
And where the cypress darkest gloomed,  
And rose the cold, damp sepulchre,  
They entered shuddering, and saw  
Death sitting crowned, but not by her.

And heedless of their sympathy,  
And blind to all the shows of spring,  
Stretched on a hill-side sown with flowers,  
They heard a weeping poet sing  
Of one more lovely than his thought,  
And one more worthy than his fate;  
Of one forever, ever gone,  
And one remaining desolate!

## ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH BALLADS.

THAT law which is said to have been discovered by political science in regard to human government, that it develops from the most simple to the most complex forms, and from the most complex to the simplest again, in its first part at least, if not in its last, is true of poetry. A Milton could not have sung except after a Homer, and the civilization which made Milton possible, made another Homer impossible. Only when the world was young could such a minstrel as Homer sing; only when nations are young are their best ballads written.

Nations, like men, progress from childhood to old age, and ballads are the natural product of the earlier period, as epics and dramas are of a later. To say this is to authenticate the widest variance between the one and the other, to disclose the secret of the complex and elaborately artistic forms of modern poetry, and to hit upon the secret of the power and also the weakness of these simpler and earlier ones. Of these, in most instances, the origin, like the source of the Nile, is hidden in obscurity. We only know that, sung or recited at first by wandering minstrels, the stream of oral tradition has borne them along from distant periods to our own time. Of historical and border ballads we may certainly say that they were not written prior to the occurrence of the event which they commemorate; and here and there in border and other ballads, an allusion will serve to fix reasonably definite limits of time within which they must have been written. For the most part, however, the date of early ballads is as obscure as their authorship invariably is. The strong throb of a human heart-beat is felt along their lines, but no name appears of him who first sang the Hunting of the Cheviot, or read the riddles of Captain Wedderburn's remarkable courtship.

For example, the best known of all ballads, those which relate to Robin Hood, were common in their earliest forms more than five hundred years ago, but we can say no more than this either of their origin or authors. And in old dramas and other out-of-the-way corners of literature, we find fragments of still older ballads, here a refrain, there a bacchanalian catch or a few lines from a simple ditty, of which the original has long ceased to exist, pushed aside into forgetfulness by the tide of new and fresher ones which occupied the popular thought, just as in out-of-the-way places and secluded corners of the continent of Europe we find Basques and Finns, fragments of that earlier race which once covered the land from the Caspian to the Bay of Biscay, but were afterwards superseded by the successive waves



in the great tide of Aryan races which rolled down over Europe from the central plains of Asia many hundred years ago.

During the last century, principally, the great body of English and Scottish ballads has been transferred from the memories of quasi-minstrels, reciters, and old wives, and from the pages of rare and illegible manuscripts, to the safer keeping of the printed page. Not that the first half of the eighteenth century quite failed to perform this duty. But while the collections of D'Urfey, Ramsay, Dryden, Watson, and the London collection of 1723-25 preserved in their day many that might otherwise have fallen into oblivion, it is not to be forgotten that to Bishop Percy's faithful and tireless zeal, his profound learning and benevolent genius, and the impulse which his publication of the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* gave to the study of this branch of our earliest national literature, we are principally indebted for the possession of such a various mass of ballads — ballads of chivalry, of fairies, and magic, and ghosts, tragic ballads, ballads of love, of outlaws and foresters, ballads historical, satirical, and even moral — as that from which these eight volumes have been compiled. What an impulse that was, may be read in the history of English literature. Four years later Herd published his collection of *Ancient and Scottish songs*, and eleven years after, Pinkerton his first collection. Then in 1783 the captious Ritson began his collections and publications, not ended till 1802, the Robin Hood ballads among them; and Carr and James Johnson gathered their musical museums before the century ended. Monk Lewis and Dalzell opened the new century, the nineteenth, with their handful, or perhaps it would be better to say, mouthful of song, but they were soon put out of sight by Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, and Evans' *Old Ballads*, to say nothing of Hogg, Laing, Sharpe, Maidment, mere elephants beside those megatheriums, but together doing pretty nearly all that was done in the way of pumping venerable sybils, mutilating or deciphering bad manuscripts, or scouring scarce editions, for the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Then set to work Allan Cunningham, George R. Kinlock, William Motherwell, and Robert Chambers, four industrious men, two of them good poets themselves, and knowing a good ballad when they saw it, and four of them altogether too respectable gentlemen to be mentioned in the same paragraph with a certain individual whom for private reasons we put into a tight little sentence by himself. Peter Buchan. The last quarter of a century also has been made memorable by the formation and the labors of the various societies, the Percy Society especially, (another mark of the Bishop's influence.) In the publications of the Percy Society are included the well-known collections of J. Payne Collier, Thomas Wright, J. O. Halliwell, and J. H. Dixon,



and when to these are added those of S. C. Hall, Whitelaw, John Matthew Gutch, Rembault, Graham, Chappell, and the Howitts, there have been mentioned all the editors whose books are of the first importance, though there are fifty others who have now and then added a bucketful to the general stream.

And now if the reader wants to have in eight nut-shells the concentrated excellence, and the selected ballads from all these collections which not one in fifty of us can manage to gather or find time to read, let him betake himself to Professor Child's collection whose title is given below.\* It is the best in print. We fail to find the essay which on the publication of the first volume the editor promised those who should remain faithful purchasers till the last. Professor Child has shown himself competent for the task, and the special essays of Percy, Ritson, and Hallowell, Gutch, Chambers, and Scott, together with his own brief but admirable historical or critical introductions to these ballads, have not removed the necessity which we hope he will yet feel imposed upon him of gathering up into one general view all that is now known of the minstrels, and their minstrelsy, and of discussing at large their origin, history, and characteristics, and their value as indications of national peculiarity, with more than the scope and eloquence, and less than the prejudice, personal and national, of Motherwell's essay.

Its special excellences as a compilation are the comprehensive judgment shown in its selections. It contains all the authentic ancient ballads, the best of the more modern ones, and none of the imitations, not even Percy's, Scott's, Jamieson's, Leyden's, or Cunningham's; and to say this is to give it the highest praise. With a proper sentiment, the author has declined to imitate the example of some early editors who, more anxious to trick out these ancient memorials of the race in the fleeting fashions of their time, than to preserve

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\* *ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH BALLADS.* Selected and edited by FRANCIS JAMES CHILD. 8 vols. Boston: LITTLE, BROWN & Co.

Prof. Child has classified his selections under nine heads. 1. Romances of Chivalry, and Legends of the popular Heroes of England. 2. Ballads of Fairies, Elves, Magic and Ghosts. 3. Tragic Love Ballads. 4. Other Tragic Ballads. 5. Love Ballads not Tragic. 6. The Robin Hood Ballads. 7. Border Ballads. 8. Historical and quasi-Historical Ballads. 9. Miscellaneous Ballads, including the Humorous, Satirical, Burlesque, Moral and Scriptural. To these a copious index is subjoined, by which any ballad can be easily found, under any of its forms or titles.

It would have been quite in place, did space permit, to mention here the prose legends, romances, and tales which the industry of the same period has discovered and put in print. These, as a whole, however, have not been kept as free from officious emendations as the ballads, while their prose form has rendered them always liable to, and subjects of various and often essential modifications. They are of the next to highest value, however, in all those respects for which the ballads are valuable, and are quite as interesting to the general reader.

their priceless integrity, both mixed up different versions of the same ballad and confused others which perhaps had nothing more in common than the original story, and in all cases were successful in removing the traces of that lusty vigor and homely simplicity which are their peculiar charm. Professor Child chooses the best version for the place of honor, leaving inferior versions to follow, or collating them in foot-notes, or gathering them into appendices.

The classification which would include all ancient ballads and the only successful modern ones, and which at the same time would exclude the greatest number of modern poems, is perhaps that which names the one objective and the latter subjective. How little we know of the minstrel or his moods. He, like his hearers, is entirely absorbed in the ballad which is ringing from his harp and lips. He does not open with an invocation to the nine muses, the three graces, or attendant choirs, but briefly, vigorously, dramatically strikes at once the action of the ballad, its time and place, or the character of the principal actor. There are no episodes, nor even those allusions with which the best of modern poets love to diversify their poems. If any allusions are introduced, they are of the briefest and most simple character, finished in a line. So, too, the old balladist will never be found tracking long metaphors through the labyrinths of his own consciousness. Indeed the reader shall search scores of them through and never find a single metaphor to reward his pains; and smiles are much more infrequent than in modern verse, besides being shorter and more vivid. The language, too, has a character of its own. Its words are of the simplest, often homely, sometimes coarse, but full of vigor and of the utmost simplicity. Unlike the fine subjective verse of Tennyson, these words do not 'half reveal and half conceal the soul within.' Such are used as reveal the whole thought, as picture the event described, even the wonders of elf-land, and the magic of north country superstitions, vividly on the brain of the hearer and reader. The enthusiasm and energy of the best of them is wonderful. They are rigid with strength like an athletic arm, and the catastrophe comes like a blow from his fist. Nothing is tolerated which delays the conclusion. The secondary plots of the present drama, the episodes of the modern epic, the discursive eloquence, cannot trace their origin here. The hero himself, even if he be King Arthur, cannot indulge himself in verbosity, nor, as is the principal function of the modern dramatic or poetic hero, riot in declamation. He is terse and taciturn, asks few questions, and those short and sharp, and gets brief answers; and yet the knights are knights of courtesie. How much truer to the quick, immediate action and speech of healthy life is this characteristic of old ballads than the windy declamation, the obtruded and unnatural

moralizing action of the modern stage and story, all which has its apotheosis in the infinite absurdities of the Italian opera.

Reading these old ballads, we may see what the world lost while it was gaining 'the long result of time,' and accumulating its inheritance of a complex and highly-cultivated civilization. Here gleams the old truth which we have exchanged for the glitter of the conventional lie; here stands the majesty of naked fact which the prudish world has been affecting to hide from its wicked eyes with falsehood and frippery. Here naught is concealed; hate is hate, and it is honest and open. It does not work to its result with slow revenges, but first sends the hot word, follows it with the sudden blow, and there is an end of the matter. Love is love, and it is honest. Desertion does not follow the passion of the unrecorded bridal. The lover, like the hater, has but a single motive, and it is worked into action with equal directness. Each is as single-minded as a child. If two heroes quarrel, one or both dies. If lovers love and friends are kind, they marry and go amaying all their days. If the cruel parent will not suffer their marriage, they love none the less, and it is the last gift of love. What to the prudish might seem unchaste thoughts, come from their simple-heartedness and that unconsciousness of evil which is the badge of their innate purity. Burd Ellen says to Childe Waters:

'My girdle of gold that was too large,  
Is now too short for mee;  
And all is with one childe of yours,  
I feele sturre at my side;  
My gowne of greene it is too straight,  
Before it was too wide.'

We are told without reserve why Mary Hamilton was made to put on robes of red,

'To sheen tho' Edinbruch town.'

And so it is always, the facts of life are not covered up out of sight, nor song and speech upon them made vulgar and immodest because rare and prohibited. They take their place beside other subjects of the minstrel's song, and are to him neither more nor less than any other. This simplicity, directness, and truthfulness of thought had its fit expression in a homely plainness of style. Romantic adventure, wild superstition, or bold emprise, are alike clothed in the simple language of an unlettered people.

Ballad-makers and ballad-singers sang to rude, brave men, whose hearts were wont to beat steadily and stoutly, and were not ashamed of tears. So it comes that the pathos of their songs which when they were sung went straight from heart to heart, to us also is infinitely tender and touching. The sorrow they sang was not of the sort that

could be comforted with six months of black, three of dark grays, and then to colors again. Their grief was remediless, and its voice of such a hopelessness of tone as befitted the utter desolation of a broken heart.

What gushes of tender sympathy follow the exquisite pathos of those lines in the 'Children in the Wood':

'AND when they saw the darksome night,  
They sat them down and cried.  
Thus wandered these poor innocents,  
Till death did end their grief;  
In one another's arms they died  
As wanting due relief;  
No burial this pretty pair  
Of any man receives,  
Till Robin Red-breast piously  
Did cover them with leaves.'

Who can gather the tears that have fallen over the tragic story of 'Helen fair and Helen chaste,' who fell

'On fair Kirconnell Lee,'

dying before her lover, and of her story who followed her lover in dying, of whom the ballad runs:

'SHE kissed his lips and combed his hair,  
As she had done before, O;  
Then wi' a crack her heart did brack,  
Upon the braes o' Yarrow.'

Kingsley's 'Three Fishermen,' with all its elaborate and subtle effects of language and metre and words, has less than the tragic pathos of that stanza of Sir Patrick Spens:

'On! lang, lang may the ladyes sit,  
Wi' their fans into their hand,  
Before they see Sir PATRICK SPENS  
Come sailing to the strand.'

There is a justness of sentiment in these ballads regarding artificial and superficial distinctions which is worth recovering. The finest manhood always has the sympathy of the balladist. Distinctions of caste now and then appear, but not to a sufficient degree to make the man less than man or the prince more. The poet is careful to tell us of Robin Hood that he came of an earl's daughter, though as to the place of his birth,

'It was na in the ha', the ha',  
Nor in the painted bower,  
But it was in the gude green wood  
Among the lily flower.'

But always the man of nature is superior to the man of circumstances. His manhood does more for him than his rank. Robin Hood loves best among his outlaws the men who have beaten him at broad-sword play or single-stick. After he had been pitched into the stream by Little John, and his hide had been tanned by Arthur Bland, he

‘Clothes them in garments of green most gay to be seen,’

and makes them foresters of merry Sherwood, and they were his most faithful followers.

One cannot help noticing, let us remark in passing, the peculiar unction with which those ballads were recited which related the discomfiture of bishop, friar, or priest. There is a deep historic stain in the coloring of the ballad of Robin Hood and the Bishop of Heresford. Perhaps it was not unusual for a bishop to indulge slyly in wine, beer, and ale, but no one will contend for the orthodoxy of the bishop’s fibs denying the presence of money in his portmanteau, or that it can be called an act of worship when he is made to dance in his boots, and to hold the dapple-gray’s tail in his hand while praying for Robin Hood. In the chivalric ballads, even Christianity is alluded to only in a geographical sense, and the *DEITY* rarely invoked for any other purpose than to ‘save us from the fowle fende.’

Returning to the thought with which we set out, these ballads seem, as they indeed are, the product of a race in its youth. Their faults and their lackings are like the failings of youth, and their virtues, if never insipid, are also never acrid. Thus instead of justice we have generosity, for virtue innocence, for principle impulse, for propriety unconscious purity, for critical skepticism unsuspicious credulity, for keen sagacity open-eyed wisdom; but on the other hand, for liberty we have license, instead of law we have the right of might, for the subjection of the good citizen we have the recklessness of the bold outlaw, for persistent bravery we have a happy audacity, and while there is a plenty of external enthusiasm there lacks the strength of an inward spirituality. The faults are those which lean to virtue’s side, for they are like the faults of childhood. The excellences are those of the heart and not of the head. But even here death unites what life divides:

‘THE tane was buried in MARY’s kirk,  
The tither in MARY’s quire,  
And out o’ the tane there grew a birk,  
And out o’ the tither a brier.

‘And aye they grew and aye they drew,  
Until they twa did meet,  
And every aye that passed them bye  
Said, ‘Thae’s been lovers sweet.’

## THE HEART-HISTORY OF A HEARTLESS WOMAN.

BY MRS. S. P. KING.

‘ARE there many such women in the world?’ Helen asked sadly, ‘and yet it seems so strange to discuss Claudia with you—you, a stranger until to-day!’

‘Then do n’t do it.’

‘First answer my question.’

‘I do not like to do so. Experience comes soon enough to all of us. I cannot decide—I am not wise enough to say—which is the better course in directing those as young as you. I am eight years your senior; should I brush the bloom of confidence from a trusting, youthful, innocent mind? instil suspicion where frankness is so charming? Ah! that seems cruel. Pray do n’t ask me!’

‘Why should I?’ Helen said despondingly. ‘I have a bitter and unusual experience.’

‘Not so; if it will comfort you to know that such blows are given every day—that you have not been chosen for especial misery—listen to me. Callous as you see me now, I was the most credulous fool that ever received people and their protestations at their spoken value. I had very little discernment of character, a great deal of *étourderie*, a blind belief in what I wished to believe, and my impulses were kind. Like the law, which recognizes no guilt until it be proved, I imagined all the world friendly until they showed themselves the contrary. I had the liveliest and most elastic spirits, saw every thing *couleur de rose*, and meant to be a very happy woman. My heart was open to every body, and I do not recollect in all my early life an unkind word or speech made unprovoked by me. But, lest you should fancy that I am favoring you with my own apotheosis, see the reverse of the medal. My temper was quick and high; I was not patient under attack, and never failed to hit my hardest if I found myself touched. There was little of apostolic forbearance about me, but if I had hurt the innocent by mistake or misrepresentation, no trouble would stand in the way of offering reparation. I was scarcely as old as you, therefore it is a great while since, that I had for a growling, cynical old bachelor a very sincere liking, which seemed entirely reciprocal. I had known him from my very childhood; he had patted my head, talked nonsense to me, and as I gradually progressed from ‘short dresses’ to the dignity of maidenhood, and so on, till I stood his equal on the broad platform of ‘a grown woman,’ our relations had never suffered even a temporary cloud. He became engaged—a marvel to society.

He was engaged to a very young girl—more wonderful still. Did this turn his head? or was he naturally insolent, capricious, and insincere? I am sure I do not know, and to puzzle it out has never cost me an hour's thought. But it did *surprise* me, that when their engagement took place, and they made it their happy task to carry the news into every house, I alone heard from others of these 'joyful tidings,' without hint or word from them; for, although I was living on terms of perfect friendliness and intimacy with him, *her* case was stronger still. Positive obligations had been rendered by me to her and hers. I pass them lightly over; not even to point my story 'with a weightier moral' shall I dwell on those saddest scenes which made this lady eternally my debtor. They were married; married in the presence of thirty guests, not one of whom bore to *both* parties the intimate connection that I had for fifteen years, and yet, singled out as an exception, no invitation was sent to me. Still, this is not *the* blow. I said nothing, I did nothing, except that I took a malicious pleasure in returning the cards and cake, which were sent to me, as to all the rest of the town, accompanying them with a sublimely polite note to the effect that I hastened to rectify a mistake, as of course this 'civility' was not meant for me. It was a magnificent little note,' Mrs. St. Clair added, laughing mischievously.

'And what did they do? feel ashamed of themselves?'

'Ashamed! my dear child. They were indignant, aggrieved, insulted! and as they had a country-seat across the river, and I had none—as they had more money than I—the whole city joined with them, and thought me very outrageously rude and unkind; and yet there were twenty people at least who had heard this man speak impertinently of me. The very person who told me that I owed the slight to Monsieur and not to Madame; who acknowledged that it was intended; that 'he had a serpent's tongue, and hesitated at nothing when I was in question, and bade me beware of him,' adding, 'she is weak, but not wicked, and understands well her obligations to you,' left me to go and dine with the bridal party.'

'Never!' exclaimed Helen. 'Impossible!'

'Patience, patience, dear Miss Latimer. This speaker was no near friend of mine; she had never answered to the same name to which I had been born; we did not spring from the same stock; we had not passed through life hand in hand; we had not wept our sorrows together, nor felt our few joys in common; she was not dearer to me than every other human thing;' the tears started to Mrs. St. Clair's eyes. 'See how foolish I am! I wish to comfort you—I wish to show you a parallel case to your own, and bid you bear it as stoically as I, and just the recollection upsets me! I will hurry it over. There was a person who was all this to me that I have described. She is



dead now; why recall it or her? Suffice it, I looked to her for sympathy, and she told me I was absurd, exacting; and because this 'happy couple' flattered her, and, to sharpen their intentions against me, singled her out for especial notice, she called them her 'friends,' and I lost mine. Yes, it was very sad — very, very sad! 'Each heart knoweth its own bitterness.' At first I could not bow my head and drink my cup, remembering that trials come to all, and strength to those who seek it. But what trifles, in appearance, make or mar our lives! This one action, performed by really insignificant creatures, destroyed illusion, belief, confidence. I saw no honesty nor sincerity upon earth. It left its print very long upon me, it is here still. I am not what I was — I never can be; but time has softened the first impression. Then I was soured, full of suspicion, alone, *very* bitter. The glorious sun did not shine, it seemed to me, with the unbroken radiance of the past; it glittered — it did not warm. I missed my earthly sunshine — the certainty that I was loved and cherished. I saw every thing giving place to 'convenience' — to 'worldly reasoning;' and was it because my eyes were the eyes of a child, my understanding the understanding of a child, that these things seemed so new and strange to me? I often wonder if every human being has a waking up like mine?

'I have had,' said Helen gently.

'That is true. How selfishly I have wandered off! I wished to comfort you, and I am talking vaguely on and recalling my own sorrows only, when I wished to show you that most of us have the same. It is very sad, but it is Life. Hard, grinding, bitter life. The mighty, the incessant struggle which goes on from sunrise until sunrise; the constant, eager grasp and pressing forward to gain a little or a greater prize — money, or influence, or position; something, in a word, which puts you above your neighbor. Women suffering through their affections, men through their purses. The sister who has held your hand locked in hers for years will coolly disengage it if she can rise a step by quitting your side; the parent will disregard the claim of the child for personal aggrandizement or to save trouble; the friend will bow you politely to a distance if society, or fortune, or *éclat* will reward his treachery; the lover will forsake his mistress, to whom he is bound by every sacred tie, by every solemn vow, if his love interferes with his ambition: and so the world goes, and we go with it; and perhaps I, who now condemn it, will live to do likewise, and you, who weep for it, will cause tears to flow in your turn from younger and simpler eyes, when these *truths* have walled up and hardened your fresh sensibilities, and taught you the strong lessons of which you are now conning the A B C. Selfishness is the great monster, the great Saturn which swallows up every generous new-born feeling. Selfishness is

the great idol we disclaim and worship. You won't believe it now; you will in time. There is a proverb which says: 'Live with your friend as if he may one day be your enemy; with your enemy as if he may one day be your friend.' For you — trusting, confiding, frank, as you are — remember the saying, and remember its foundation is, on both sides, the selfishness of *poor* human nature. Forgive me! I have delivered an oration. I have passed the bounds of conversational privilege. I have tired you.'

'No; but you have given a frightful picture, a dark picture. Has earth no aspect but this?'

'To my mind and my knowledge, none; but there is a heaven, and to gain it we must bear with this earth and its belongings, and practise that divine pardon by which we can alone reach it. I am not what is called a religious woman. Until I am, these things will fret me; and, despite my gay exterior, there is a fearful depth of gloom, a heavy weight of inner sadness, over which I have, after all, such a thin crust of callousness and gayety, that you must not tread incautiously upon it; it will break through. Let us talk of something else.'

So began the friendship of Bertha St. Clair and Helen Latimer.

'And it has lasted?' Olivia asked.

'It has lasted.'

'Then she disproves what she advanced.'

'Like the philosopher who contradicted himself, when he said that there was one thing that he knew, and that was that he knew nothing?'

'Yes. Either these well-turned periods were false to human nature, or she is too far above human nature to be human, by her own showing.'

'As you please. She would tell you that hers was but a selfish love, for Helen's society was only preferred by her to any one else's because it chanced to remain preferable; she never found an opportunity of bettering herself by sacrificing Nelly.'

'Well, go on. I am anxious about poor Helen; I see she is destined to be unhappy. She took the world too hard. She ought to have snapped her fingers in Claudia's face, cut Walter James very coolly and without noise, and I am very sure she should have dismissed Harry Trevor; for if Mrs. St. Clair wanted a model for her imaginative world-idol, Selfishness, he could have sat for it. Go on. What happened next?'

'You must accept my words again, unwritten, for the ms. needs another filling up. Let me recollect. The summer passed uneventfully, but not happily. There was coolness between Helen and her father; she resented, very undutifully, his views about Claudia and

about Harry; she missed Claudia's companionship, but she would not seek it, nor even accept it. Mrs. St. Clair was very kind, but she was not Claudia. Helen's mind was too undisciplined, too uncontrolled to be independent of outward things; she did not 'possess her soul' with that calmness which, if time and sorrow do not produce it, must leave the unfortunate victim miserable indeed. She clung to Harry Trevor's love — ah! me. Her natural regrets for the loss of her cousin angered him very soon. 'You should not feel any loss of any affection while we are both alive. My heart should be enough for you. If you loved me as you ought, you would not feel this thing so deeply,' he would say. Not that he showed any diminution of his old jealousies and exactions, in consideration of her evident want of spirits. On the contrary, having her entirely to himself, sharing no longer a divided empire, seeing that the confidence she had formerly reposed in Claudia, and now withdrawn, made him the sole director of this very weak and yet clever little girl, he only strengthened his chains, augmented the size and weight of the clasps, drew them tighter, tighter still, and, in a word, tyrannized over Helen with a lordly despotism, under which she sank each day. In fact, Nelly was born, I suppose, to be imposed upon and to be ruthlessly ruled — up to a certain point and period of her existence. She could be self-willed enough, insolent enough in her pretty coquetry, but she was a bully, no doubt of it, and if she felt a stronger hand grasping her own, her courage fled, and she was conquered.

'Mrs. Latimer, in every thing else the best of mothers, the most devoted and fond of mothers, never suffered Nelly to complain of Trevor — never would admit that he was hard upon the poor child, and never seemed to see, in fact, that he had assumed a husband's authority, exerted to its utmost limit, while he was yet unauthorized by her father to be even considered the betrothed lover of Miss Latimer.

'Helen did not guess the reason of her mother's deep-rooted predilections; she accepted, therefore, her admonitions to be patient and submissive to Harry's humors, thinking that 'mamma must know best,' particularly as this 'best,' in a measure, coincided with her own wishes; but her gay spirit imperceptibly lost forever, day by day, its early freshness. Like the butterfly's wing, held however lightly, you cannot hold a heart for your own pleasure between your fingers, and not brush the down from its delicate surface. Let it struggle or let it lie quiet, it is all the same, the mischief is done. You loose the trembling thing; it is gone — see it fluttering in the distance — now it stoops to that flower, and the full sunshine is upon it, and it is as brightly beautiful, apparently, as some minutes since; but you know, and it knows, that, however the rest of the world may admire it, it is no longer what it was. Its glorious coloring is irremediably dimmed;

see your fingers—you can trace the dark line left by its presence, a drop of water will efface the mark on you—you, who did the mischief, but the poor butterfly will carry your impression till its day of life is ended! And yet you were only amusing yourself, or perhaps, like Trevor, you were studying the nice intricacies of the butterfly's attractions, and testing their worth. Stop me, Olivia, when I grow diffuse. You are such a patient and charming listener—as good a one as Helen was to Bertha St. Clair.

'Yes, in those days, Bertha talked a great deal to Helen; such quantities of good advice, such sterling moral sentences that giddy young woman gathered together for her still younger friend. She set her foot down very soon, and tried to bring Nelly's slipper in a line with hers, against the encroachments of Mr. Trevor. 'My dear,' she would say, 'ten husbands would not try to rule you as strictly and as phlegmatically as your adoring admirer. And the evil grows—it grows—I see it growing like the seeds that Elfrida—Serena? or what was her name?—took from the golden box and planted for the amusement of her little visitor from the outer world, who wandered into the 'Elves-land.' Cut it down—defly and gently as you choose—but down it must come, or you will never have a glimpse of light, to shine through its branches, before long.'

'Harry discovered that Mrs. St. Clair disapproved of his mode of love-making, and he was very fierce in his wrath to Nelly, and very cool to the other lady; but Bertha asked him to dine, wore such a charming dress, and was so very charming, that he forgot his indignation, and found himself watching the sparkling eyes and 'sarcastic scarlet lips of the lively lady. In fact, had he been encouraged, he would have renewed his old flirtation; but Bertha was true to Helen, and not even vanity, which it must be confessed bore so extensive a part in her composition, could ever tempt her to give real pain to any one.'

'And he would have flirted, had he been able to do so, with Mrs. St. Clair, and yet you pretend to defend him? My dearest Sylvia, what sort of creature do you call Mr. Trevor?'

'A man, my child—nothing else—nothing better, nothing worse.'

'Do you take him as a type of man?'

'Not precisely: circumstances act on women as well as men, and make them usually what they are. In fact, there is a theory that all human beings produce in those with whom they are thrown in contact, certain results; that is, you yourself call out certain qualities, which but for your influence would not exist.'

'Then people are only chameleons who reflect, and have no positive coloring of their own?'

'In a measure.'

‘I do n’t believe it. Such a theory is absurd and unfounded.’

‘Well, I am no reasoner, no philosopher, no metaphysician. I only firmly believe that without intending it, without knowing it, Helen Latimer always did, and always would, bring out people’s worst qualities. She was honest and truthful; loved honesty and truth, sought them, needed them, longed for them, and never found them, except in instances so rare and infrequent that the exception proved the rule. Take your choice, either the world is full of deception, hypocrisy, falsehood, or else my theory is true.’

‘She was in fault somehow; perhaps *she* was not honest and true. I have my doubts about her.’

‘Perhaps you are right,’ Mrs. Sutherland said, smiling. ‘She thought herself so, at any rate, and blundered about for a long time, without Diogenes’ lantern and without his incredulity. How many raps she got on her poor, bewildered, confiding head! She was always mistaking a brick wall for a cushion of down—a low, grovelling, unworthy prickly pear, for a superb cactus. I make no doubt she incessantly fell into the opposite extreme, and many a soft pillow on which she could have reposed her aching brow, was elaborately avoided as a wall in disguise. Do n’t laugh at her; she was the sufferer. But to resume, Helen lacked ‘pluck;’ and weakly yielding to Trevor’s encroachments, she fostered his tyrannical tendencies, till he learned to think her occasional complaints unreasonable and wearisome. True, he was ungenerous, but her blind confidence and alternate exactions and yielding showed him her weakness and made him what he was.

‘To you, Olivia, who know nothing of lovers except what novels tell you, it is no wonder that you open your eyes and are surprised at this picture. When an engagement lasts but a little while, no doubt the happy *fiancé* gives himself up to being ruled, knowing that his day is coming, but no man like Trevor abdicates his power for two, three, four years; and besides, with true manly justice he made Nelly pay for the irritation he felt at their constrained position. Yes, he was a thorough man. To him belonged liberty, freedom of thought and action; he must be pitied and consoled with; soothed and comforted; take every relaxation within his grasp; come and go unquestioned; met with a smile; and for her, the reverse of all this; the only consolation and support tendered her, an assurance of his love, given between two reproaches.’

‘Stop, Sylvia, for Heaven’s sake. How shall I ever bring myself to marry if I believe all this?’

‘You are not Helen Latimer; you do n’t believe my theory; and besides, if you are in love, you will never perceive the truth of the treasons I utter, until——’

‘Until?’

‘Until that process I spoke of takes place, until the fairy coin turns into the dead leaf. And after all, perhaps it is neither your fault nor his, and the miracle has been wrought — like the one which cost poor Esmeralda her life — by the intervention of some foreign hand. Did you hear the clock? One. Not sleepy yet?’

‘Pray go on.’

‘Where was I? I warn you, there are no great events like milestones to mark our progress on Helen Latimer’s life-journey. She celebrated her twentieth birth-day in September, and Harry was very kind for a whole week. Claudia sent a birth-day gift. Claudia was the severest practitioner of certain forms of politeness. I am convinced that if she were doomed to eternal perdition, she would never fail, in torment, to wish Satan ‘good morning.’ Helen’s impulse was to return the present; but even her mother interposed, and there was a hollow truce, and the girls resumed an outward appearance of cordiality; and had it not been for Harry, who, you know, detested Claudia, I make no doubt Nell would have fallen into the old intimacy and been duped over and over, as usual.’

‘My dear, excuse the interruption; do n’t you consider Helen rather a simpleton?’

‘Did you ever doubt it? I thank you, in her absence, for the implied compliment of not finding it out sooner. The winter came; Nelly went to pass some weeks with Mrs. St. Clair — short, happy, fleeting weeks — again, in the spring, and now it is that I resume my ms.

‘Nell, dearest, let me look at you.’

Mrs. St. Clair turned her little guest toward the light.

‘Yes, you look well and happy, bright and sweet. I like that entirely white dress. You need but a finishing touch, a single sentimental rose for your corsage, and a bouquet.’

‘Do you think them absolutely necessary?’

Bertha nodded. ‘So much so, that my wishes and thoughts being peremptory and powerful, no sooner said than — here they are.’ And she laughingly brought forward her left hand, clasping a hitherto concealed bouquet and a ‘single sentimental rose.’

‘Somebody’s love to a dear little somebody, and which I found at somebody’s door.’

Helen smiled and thanked her. The flowers were beautiful indeed, and beautifully arranged. On her snowy bust she carefully fastened the pink rose and its crisp green leaves, thinking how much obliged she was to Harry for his kindness. No one could deny that if Nelly were exacting, she felt keenly the smallest attentions.

A final satisfactory glance at her mirror, and then the two friends

went down-stairs together. As may be conjectured, there was a party in preparation.

‘A few people, and no particular fuss,’ as Mrs. St. Clair called her ‘evenings.’ They were very pleasant — music, dancing to the piano, and a good supper formed the entertainment.

The guests soon arrived. Bertha flitted about with her usual vivacity, and Helen was in charming spirits. Her precious Harry was by her side, and she asked no more, although she gave smiles and attention to her whole troop of admirers; but presently she saw a frown on her idol’s brow: what was it? It was not always easy to know the cause of Trevor’s anger. To-night she could not guess it. Was he jealous? She drew near where he stood in solemn silence. ‘Is any thing the matter?’

‘Nothing. Do n’t stay here; several people are observing you.’

Meekly she slid away. Claudia playfully caught her by the arm.

‘My lord is out of temper,’ she whispered; ‘can’t you kneel to him less publicly?’

Helen looked gravely at her, made no reply, and disengaged her arm.

‘I am going to play a quadrille, Nelly, and I forgot till this moment to add the champagne to the ‘Marmora loving cup,’ said Mrs. St. Clair; ‘will you, dear child, see about it for me? I do n’t wish to have my newly-tried punch spoiled.’

‘Certainly.’

‘That’s a duck! Every thing is in the dining-room, servants included. Make haste and get back.’

Nelly was glad to go; but on opening the dining-room door, there stood Mr. St. Clair, two other gentlemen, and Harry Trevor, drinking wine.

‘Do n’t let me hurry you,’ Helen said; ‘but I am sent here on business by our gracious Queen Bertha.’

‘Are we in your way, Miss Nelly?’ asked her host. ‘A moment’s patience and we are gone.’

‘Will you give me the next waltz, Miss Latimer?’ asked Robert Glenn, one of the gentlemen.

‘I am not sure. I believe I am partly engaged.’

She glanced hesitatingly at Trevor. He made no sign, said nothing, and was scowling at the opposite wall.

‘Well,’ inquired Mr. Glenn, ‘may I have the other half of the half-forgotten promise?’

‘The whole, I fancy,’ said Helen, forcing a smile, ‘for I can’t remember who is my partner.’

‘Thank you,’ and she was left alone.

‘What *has* happened?’ she sadly thought, as the servant poured



the champagne into the foaming bowl, while she stirred the mixture in the manner required by Bertha and the recipe.

Alas! it had become a hard matter to find out what did produce these incessant sullen storms, and when discovered, the causes seemed so trivial, so impossible to avoid, for 'their name was legion.'

Her task ended, she returned to the gay party, just as the waltz began. Mr. Glenn claimed her at the door. He was very agreeable, and a very good dancer, but held his partner a little too firmly, perhaps. Nelly slightly moved aside from his clasp, but it was his style, and he meant no familiarity, and was thinking much more of the grace of his step, and getting cleverly away from reckless couples, than of the pretty little figure that rested in the curve of his arm.

He was just from Paris, had plenty to say, liked to talk, liked to have such blue eyes to listen to him, such bright lips to answer him; so they sat down, and Nelly was amused and interested. She was already engaged to go to supper with Harry. Punctually he appeared, but so glum, so sulky, that Robert Glenn decidedly set down his ancient class-mate as 'a bear,' and could not understand how that 'nice creature,' Helen Latimer, could prefer such company to his, for the discussion of her *faisan truffé* and *biscuit glacé*.

'Have I offended you, Harry?' she timidly asked.

'Have I complained?' he answered.

She was silenced — only for a moment. The gay flatteries of her recent companion and his lively stories, had put her in a mood too pleasant to be soon upset.

She talked cheerfully and affectionately to her lover, and tried to win a smile from his handsome mouth. In vain. He was polite as a prince, so far as serving her went, but threatening as a yet unexploded thunder-cloud.

'My flowers are so beautiful, Harry, especially this rose; see how fresh it has kept. Although I have worn it all evening, its petals have not drooped. Such a perfect rose! No blight upon it. Fair to the eye, sweet to the senses — will our love be like this rose, Harry — unfading, undying, wear it as we will?'

As she spoke, looking at him, her little soft hand gently caressed the exquisite flower, lightly passing over its shining surface — ah! what fatality! At her touch, slight as it was, the dewy leaves suddenly fell as if by magic, so suddenly, that she started — as they showered over her white fingers — and glanced down at the mischief she had unconsciously done.

There was but the bare calyx and a worm coiled upon it!

Disgust and superstitious terror made her shudder and scream out. The whole room was attracted. Pale and trembling, she cried: 'Oh! take it away! take it away! For Heaven's sake, take it away!'

Trevor looked disdainfully at her distress, but as Mr. Glenn darted forward and was about to remove the obnoxious object, by unfastening the brooch that held the rose-stem, he quietly put him aside, and without a word, picked off the worm, crossed the room and flung it in the grate, and his glove with it, and then returned to his agitated partner.

Helen was blushing and very nearly weeping. Mrs. St. Clair was urging her to drink some wine, and every one was discussing the little incident.

‘I am very foolish, I acknowledge,’ Helen said deprecatingly, ‘and I really must beg pardon for this scene; but I have always had an overwhelming fear of crawling things, and to think that I had had this one all evening so near me, added to my natural horror and loathing. I could not help screaming out.’

‘Perfectly natural,’ said several voices.

‘I should have been quite disillusioned had you acted differently,’ whispered Robert Glenn. ‘None but ‘a strong-minded woman’ could have stood it unmoved. I shall recommend the subject as a ‘study’ to my artist-friend, Erling. A beautiful woman in an attitude of mingled terror, distress, disappointment, and disgust; one lovely hand partly extended to pluck away the now hateful rose, the other put back, as if to keep herself away. A leaf or two lying upon the whiteness of the ‘*main divine*,’ like rosy specks upon snow. Exquisite! exquisite scope for so much expression in figure and face. I could sketch it now myself;’ and Mr. Glenn drew imaginary lines in the air with his artistic fore-finger.

Helen laughed, and Mrs. St. Clair joined in.

‘At any rate, remove the stalk, Nelly. I would not keep it in so honored a position when it has lost its charm. Do n’t hold to the shadow when the substance has gone.’

Nelly looked at her friend earnestly. Was there meaning in what she said? Had Bertha heard her compare Trevor’s love and hers to this fair-seeming blossom, with death at its core?

The company was moving back to the drawing-room — Claudia passed.

‘Who sent you that fatal rose with ‘a worm i’ the bud,’ Nell?’ she asked. ‘Mistrust the hand that gave it. Treachery! treachery!’

‘Have you had enough of this?’ Trevor inquired. ‘I have.’

‘I am ready,’ said Helen simply. ‘Do you mean to dance with me, Harry?’

‘I am much obliged; the evening has already been sufficiently agreeable. I shall not prolong it; beside, when I wish to dance, I prefer asking you myself. Good evening.’

He bowed profoundly, stalked up to Mrs. St. Clair, favored her with the same ceremony, and left the room.

Poor Helen! I do n't think her slumbers were refreshing or deep that night; she scarcely closed her eyes until day-light, and yet did not regret losing her morning's nap, when her maid awakened her about ten o'clock, with the information that Mr. Trevor was in the drawing-room, and begged to know if he could see her.

'Of course. As soon as I can get dressed. Beg him to wait. Carry him this book to read.'

She was fluttering with impatience, hurried through her toilet, and nevertheless, took care to be very neat, and to wear her prettiest morning-gown.

Bertha called to her as she passed the dining-room: 'Bring Mr. Trevor to breakfast with us.'

He heard it through the open door.

'Will you come?' Helen asked.

'You have not breakfasted?'

'No. But I do n't care for breakfast.'

'God forbid that my visits should starve you. I did not know that you were so late in your hours.'

'You never come till nearly twelve o'clock,' Helen suggested; 'I very often wait for you, do I not?'

'Probably.' And he led the way into the dining-room, smoothing his face into a bewitching smile as he entered the gay presence of his hostess.

The breakfast was eaten in great liveliness and apparent harmony.

They adjourned afterward to the drawing-room, and Mrs. St. Clair had too much tact to make a third, where the first two of a party are known to have a *penchant* for each other.

'Would that some people,' put in Olivia softly, 'had as much discretion. I have known individuals whom even hints would not move.'

'Perhaps they were a little obtuse, and the hints very slight.'

'Not so very; for instance, when Bob Mayfield would join Ralph Wilmot and myself last week at our cosy supper-table — you remember where we sat at the Milmans'? — Ralph said to me, 'Bob will never take a hint; I never saw such a fellow.' 'What did you hint?' I asked. 'Why, I said to him, 'Bob, my friend, I do n't wish you here — why the mischief do n't you go away?' and he never moved.' Now that can scarcely be called a slight suggestion. However, I am interrupting you. Pray go on.'

Helen almost wished Bertha to stay, she knew so well what would follow her departure. The frown settled again upon her companion's

brow ; but, undismayed, Nelly exerted herself to chase it away. He asked her if she were going out.

‘I had meant to do so, but of course so long as you stay, I shall be happier at home.’

‘I must not interfere with your movements.’

‘Nor do you. I only exchange a small pleasure for a much greater one.’

This admission, compliment, whatever it was, had not much effect, but by a strong effort, that only those who have so quick a temper as Helen’s can appreciate, she retained her cheerfulness and talked pleasantly and agreeably. She would not be beaten down by the sullen looks and coming storm. Presently the tempest raged ; she casually mentioned Mr. Glenn, and her lover ‘rose in his wrath,’ and rated her coquetry, her levity, her folly, in such unmeasured terms, that the tears burst from her eyes, and she ran from the room.

Two hours after, this letter was handed to her :

‘I feel that I owe you an apology, Nelly, for my apparently unreasonable humor and ill-temper, especially when I see that you begin to recognize the claim I have upon your forbearance always, and the necessity for controlling your natural violence, so as to become the sweet, gentle woman I long to call my wife — with such virtues and traits of disposition as are essential to a true conception of the ‘feminine.’

‘Yet I do n’t know what to say : I can’t say I am sorry for what I am not, and I can’t say I won’t do again what I am sure I would do ; yet I appear unreasonable to you, because you can’t follow the intricacies of thought in my own mind.

‘The fact is, I have been irritable, displeased, dissatisfied for a week ; perhaps I have not been thoroughly pleased for a long time ; perhaps my teeth are on edge, and not without cause ; perhaps the slightest acidity or resistance touches the nerve, and produces irritability and pain ; perhaps I am much to blame, and perhaps you are.

‘Not to go further back than last evening, I went to Mrs. St. Clair’s party. I was talking, with my back to the door, and heard some one enter, exclaiming, ‘You wretches, etc.!’ I turned in horror, taking it for your voice — I found that this high, domineering tone proceeded from your cousin Claudia. I recovered from my fright, and went on conversing ; the same voice, I thought, was beside me ; I moved to avoid the speaker — it was you ! I actually could not distinguish the two voices. I was annoyed. Mr. St. Clair asked me to take a glass of wine ; Robert Glenn and John Burke joined us ; you entered the room where we were, and stood quietly facing this crowd. I became irritable. Glenn asked you for a waltz that I wished — you gave it to him ; this did not please me. You returned to the drawing-room and danced in what might be called a ‘luxurious

embrace.' I was very much displeased. Meanwhile, before this, when I first spoke to you, on entering the room, your attention was directed to Mrs. St. Clair's eyes, as if you were consulting her approval, or deprecating her feelings in some way. She thus, through you, controlled my conversation with you, and my pleasure concerning you, my movements and your own. I am sufficiently restrained as it is, by your father's wilful obstinacy; as regards every thing and every body else, you must be free. I will suffer nothing further to come between us. All this jarred upon me fearfully.

'We went to supper. I was silent — you asked if you had offended me. I told you that I had made no complaint. You kept your temper, but seemed very much pleased with the whole party — with yourself and scarcely less so with me. I had by this time a regular case of ill-humor. Fancy, therefore, what I felt when you chose to get up that preposterous scene about a little green worm, and called the whole company to admire the delicacy of your nerves, and Robert Glenn to —; but I will say nothing more on this most disgusting topic.

'Nevertheless, I went to call upon you this morning at ten o'clock; you make your appearance at three-quarters past ten, dawdle through your breakfast, and finish it by the hour, at which, had I not been there, you would have gone out. This did not make me any more amiable. Seeing me out of sorts, you fidgeted about the room, and finally came and stood silently by my chair, laying your hand upon my shoulder. I received this as an indication of gentleness and sympathy. I took your hand in mine and kissed it. Had you continued that manner, I would not now be writing this. It is true you asked me several times if any thing were the matter; it is true you preserved your temper and your equanimity, but you seemed perfectly happy when I was not; perfectly self-satisfied when I was not altogether pleased with you; perfectly contented, when I was all discontent. Here was no sympathy, no agreement; your calmness rather angered than soothed. It touched no chord in me: it rather jarred them all.

'Your efforts to keep your equanimity should not make you so self-complacent as to lose sight of *my* feelings — to show no sympathy for me. You felt none, or I should have felt it in turn, and we should both have been spared much disquiet.

'I have now told you my just causes for displeasure and annoyance; you must acknowledge their force and their disagreeable existence; but, in spite of all, I love you dearly enough to pass them over, and trust that I shall meet you at the Tevis' this evening with such an expression on your face, as will prove to me how entirely you subscribe to all I have said, and how truly you believe that I am now, as I always shall be,

Your devoted

'HARRY.'

'Heaven grant me patience!' cried Olivia. 'I have been breathless during this letter. O dear Sylvia! surely, surely she did not stand this! I could beat her, if she did.'

Mrs. Sutherland read on.

Mrs. St. Clair entered Helen's room as the latter sat with this precious epistle in her cold, trembling hand.

'May I see what has caused those tears, dear Nelly?'

Helen shook her head.

'*A quoi bon?*' she said, trying to smile. She folded up the letter carefully, replaced it in its envelope, walked to her desk, locked it up, and kissed Bertha, who warmly threw her arms about her and pressed her to her heart.

'It will soon be over now,' Nelly said. 'I see the end approaching; let me shut my eyes ever so! but don't advise me, it is useless.'

Mrs. Sutherland paused. 'Another break in the *ms.*,' she said, and the tale is almost told now.'

'What next? Fill up the hiatus.'

'There is no need. The next scene speaks for itself.'

A cold December day. Two years have passed since that morning when Helen Latimer strolled beneath the wide-spreading branches of those venerable oaks, and playfully teased her wayward lover. She sits at the window of her own bed-room now, gazing out at the drizzling rain, the murky clouds, the wet leaves, the dreary, dreary prospect. Is it only two years? It might be five—it might be ten to-day, by this light, in this gloom.

The bright blue eyes have forgotten, it seems, how to smile—there are dark shadows beneath the golden lashes; the cheeks are pale; the figure perceptibly thinner; but an air of mingled restlessness and weariness forms after all the most startling change. With a sigh, she rises from her chair, and moves about the apartment; opens a drawer, closes it, examines minutely each pretty trifle upon her dressing-table, and then fixes her eyes steadily upon her own image in the mirror. She evidently does not see herself; her thoughts are wandering vaguely and far away, even while she mechanically smooths her glossy hair and appears busy with this little act of feminine vanity.

A book lies before her: she takes it up; a passage strikes her; she reads it aloud: 'It was a crisis such as Life only holds once. She might take the cold comfort of that thought to her breast, embrace it, hold it fast, for it was all she had. And there *is* consolation, bitter and icy, but restful, in the feeling: 'This can never be again. The

wound is deep; the agony is fierce; but once suffered, it is past forever.'

'Yes,' murmured Helen, 'God be thanked, I know the worst. I can never suffer more than now. I can never again have this first consciousness.'

There was a knock at her door. 'Come in.'

Mrs. Latimer entered. Nelly put down the book, and came forward with a smile — such a forced, unsmiling smile.

'Helen!' Mrs. Latimer's voice was interrogatory and threatening.

'My dear mamma.'

'Helen, answer me. Is this true? Can this be true? Did you suspect — know it?'

'What, mamma?'

'Is it true that Henry Trevor is engaged to Claudia Leslie?'

'Yes.'

'When did you hear it?'

'Yesterday.'

'From whom?'

'From himself.'

'Did he write to you?'

'Yes.'

'Heaven help me!' cried Mrs. Latimer. 'You tell me this as calmly as if you were announcing a fact in which you have not the slightest interest. Pride at least might make you feel the position in which you stand. Are you utterly heartless, Helen? are you such a weak, senseless, frivolous flirt, that you are perfectly unmoved?'

'If you think me calm, mamma, it is the first gleam of comfort that I have had. If your eyes are deceived, I may hope to deceive the world.'

'You *are* calm; you are absolutely indifferent to the loss of one of the noblest hearts that ever beat — to the destruction of my dearest wish — to the consequences of your own folly and recklessness.'

Helen was silent.

'Tell me about this business. You have not given me your confidence. I have been blundering in the dark —'

'Excuse me, mamma, for reminding you, that when I wished to speak of him some two months since, you would not listen to what I said, but bade me be patient and all would be right.'

'Because you were only repeating to me some of Mrs. St. Clair's flighty ideas. She has no conception of what a woman owes of deference to her husband, and encouraged you to resist the authority of one whom I would have chosen for you from the whole world, and whom I looked upon already as my son. O Helen! Nelly, my own little Nelly, my own dear daughter, I could have closed my eyes in peace,



I would not have had another thing on earth to desire, if I could have called you Mrs. Harry Trevor! And that Claudia Leslie should be destined for his wife!’

‘Mamma! there is a mystery in this: may I ask it before I speak myself? Why is Harry Trevor so dear to you, that in thinking of him you forget me?’

‘Have you never guessed it? Harry’s father and I were sweet-hearts as children, betrothed when we grew up: a foolish quarrel between us terminated in his marrying suddenly, from pique. Why should I deny it? I have been a faithful and devoted wife, my life has been a cheerful, yes, a happy one; but a first love, Nelly, one may not even regret it, but it leaves its trace. I do not forget you, nor put your feelings aside on Harry’s account, but I am bitterly disappointed for you as well as for him. It has been my dream, my ambition, my hope, that Frederick Trevor’s son, and my only child, might be united. It has been the only romance of my life, and it is gone.’

‘We could not have been happy,’ Helen said, softly and with a sigh.

‘Because you thwarted him; he is generous and kind, but has a strong will. Every man should have. He has a noble heart.’

Helen said nothing.

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#### THE INFANT’S BURIAL.

’T WAS noon-day in a city’s street, and crowds were hurrying by,  
With worldly cunning on their lip, and coldness in their eye.  
Within their midst a little band of naval sailors came;  
Their dress bespoke a foreign-land, they bore DE JOINVILLE’S name.

With curious air they gazed around in light and joyous mood,  
When suddenly they form a line — each man uncovered stood.  
A stranger in a tattered garb, with trembling step and form,  
Was bearing through that crowded street a coffin ’neath his arm.

The mother followed at his side, no covering on her head,  
In sorrow going forth to seek a burial for their dead;  
And no one in that heartless crowd had turned a pitying eye,  
As in its little coffin-bed the pauper child passed by.

No one, save they the gallant brave who hushed their martial tread,  
And stood in silent reverence before the unknown dead;  
And until Death hath sealed the heart of those sad mourners there,  
The sailors of that ‘La Belle Poule’ shall have their earnest prayer.

## FRENCH ALMANACS.

'*Touchez doucement le crayon,*' draw it mild. This, you may safely believe, sagacious reader, to be the exhortation blown as with a bellows into the blinking face of comic art in Paris, as the poor old thing squats on her circumscribed hearth-rug, before the smouldering fire of Philippon, obliterating with her crippled foot the contraband faces clandestinely traced by her finger on the ashes of departed Toney Johannot, and of Grandville of the metamorphosing wand. Satire, with his wings clipped, resembling, in his depressed mirth, a bantam whose croup has been improperly denuded of the gay feathers which once adorned it, crouches humbly beneath the cart from which the chanticleer of France, represented at present by the Imperial Shanghae, crows at stated intervals, with a punctuality which makes the quill feathers of the community below draggle in the mud with hysterical flutter. 'Tenez là, bantams,' doodle-doo he with exacting lungs, 'stick your spurs into each other as much as you like, but you must n't so much as peck at a fallen feather of mine, or of any of my friends. See how I hacked the raspers off the heels of that hook-billed old game-cock, Ponche, the other day, when he flew over the Channel to ruffle my tail-feathers. Take warning in time, cocklings; look sharp — but not in this direction, if you please.'

When Punch, faithful to his mission as a terrier to his master, conceives within him a whimsical fancy of some political turn or domestic freak originated in the royal household, straightway his unresting right hand perpetuates the fancy, and in the next week's issue of the *London Charivari* appears in appropriate costume, H. R. H. F. M. P. A. the P. C., if not quite as large as life, certainly a little fatter and balder than the living model, and doing or saying something which, if he did not actually do or say, is at worst but a witty perversion of some incident which *did* transpire within the royalties, or a suggestion for some act of grace which would come timeously from the roseate boudoirs of the illustrious couple. And still Punch flourishes; and though his baton be not so bright as of yore, when Thackeray put his polish on it once a week, and Doyle strung it with pearls, yet it flashes up in the sunshine now and then, when a great exigency calls for weapons, and comes down on the head of the delinquent with the ring of a whole knight in armor. This is of the Anglo-Saxon, wherever he squats, this 'free fight' license of sentiment and expression. Let us not brag of it, but cherish it carefully, as we would any other vital element of the life that is in us.

How long is it since the beagles of French satire have dared to open in full cry after any noble quarry? The books are old ones now

on the pages of which pen and pencil danced joyously their *pas de deux*, represented to-day by the hornpipe in fetters through which 'Cham,' and other shackled merry-andrews of the hour, shuffle on the ill-chalked floor of Figaro, and among the vintage-casks of the washy periodical *brochure* stuff, which may be all bottled off under the one label of *Ponche à la vin ordinaire*; poor tippie, O peruser! because the spirit which should have been the soul of it is corked up tight, and kept close down by pressure of imperial thumb. Merry was the wink of Satire, when Grandville, in his *Metamorphoses du Jour*, pitched boldly at courtly vice, illustrating, 'without permission,' a passage of regal scandal, in which a prince of the blood royal, the Duke of Orleans of that day, figuring as the variety of owl called by French ornithologists *le grand Duc*, is represented as receiving from the hands of her obsequious parent a tempting young turkey-pout in elegant attire; sumptuous feast for royal horned owl! veritable 'dish for a king!' And merry were the days in that Paris which is France, capital of that empire which is 'peace,' when, boldly sketched with a lump of chalk on every smooth wall and gate in the city, Philippon's famous pear puzzled for awhile the connoisseurs of wall-art, until, as they gazed, old Louis Philippe, the citizen king, dawned upon them from the double-chinned fruit, with its pyriform top-knot, and accidental sun-crack features. 'Sure such a pear was never seen;' and ever after it stood for the type of that stout old ruler now gone to his rest; Punch even, preserving the pear while he took all manner of liberty with the features; and where is the man who will spread his right hand upon the left division of his waistcoat, and say he thinks a pear will keep the worse for being preserved in Punch?

But now to think of the splendid subjects for satiric art going a begging in that country of which 'the empire it is the peace!' begging for some body to come and make use of them, for fun's sake; running about with knives and forks in their little backs, and apples in their little mouths, like the tender sucking-pigs commemorated in the nursery legend, crying, 'Come eat me, come eat me!' and nobody dare do it. Fancy Gavarni taking stealthily a pencil-shot at Napoleon III. from behind a gnarled oak in the Bois de Boulogne, while that famous carver of grotesque faces, whose name we cannot at this moment recall, sits astride of one of the branches, converting the twisted knots of the king of the forest into maliciously contrived masks of the Emperor of the French! Or think of 'Cham,' known, we believe, in admiring private circles as 'ce cher De Noe,' illustrating for the political cartoon page of the *Charivari*, that funny incident not long ago related of the baby prince, infant King of Algiers, and now several months old, who, when approached familiarly in the palatial grounds by some ladies of rank who have the *entrée* there, and who,

of course, make great ado about pampering with their honeyed kisses a king, no matter how few weeks old he is, threw himself into a carefully acquired attitude of royal disdain, and held out with hauteur his tiny hand for them to salute! And the fine historical subject offered when Montalembert hurled back his conditional pardon at the imperial mustache! to the wax on which it might have delighted Gustave Doré to represent it sticking, in his bold manner of black and white. These men all see the fun of it; the butt is before them, temptingly elevated for a shot; but their quivers are soldered up with the imperial seal, and did they dare let fly a stolen arrow, their future field might be pointed out to them on the map of that Tom Tiddler's land from which Victor Hugo now and then exports the bottled-up promptings of his bursting spirit; unless, indeed, their favoring breezes blew their bark to these shores, where they might pass the remainder of their lives in singing the 'Marseillaise' with the band of foreign patriots who periodically celebrate the revolution of 1848 in the small-beer institutions of the Bowery.

But there is a short-hand of art, by which a meaning sketch can be made decipherable to none save the designer; and in Paris there must be many a pocket sketch-book and port-folio teeming with hidden allusions to passing events, so cunningly disguised of course, that not even that prince of detectives, the Emperor himself, could discern in them any thing beyond the figure-studies which artists jot down as memoranda for future extension. And yet, three scratches of a pencil in skilled hands, could inspire imperial lineaments into that oval O, which, 'sans eyes, sans teeth, sans every thing,' except a suggestive wrinkle or two, stands upon the shoulders of a half-indicated figure, the demonstrative action of whose hands leads us to suppose that he is saying something which the artist alone hears. In the published sketches of the humorous designers, there is plenty of amusement to be had in interpreting possible meanings from the ostensible drift of the conception. The artist may have had such mental reservations and epigraphs or otherwise, but in illustration of our fancy, we will take, at random, a few from the bunch of comic almanacs annually issued by the illustrated press of Paris.

Examine the *Almanach pour Rire*, the very cover of which betrays a suggestion of the crippled condition of journalism in France. A sort of hybrid creation of gigantic proportions, half-Punch, half-Gulliver, is elevated on stilts over a tumultuous mob—a long perspective of Lilliputian men, which a Frenchman might describe as a *foule* with a *queue* to it. One of the stilts is a porte-crayon, with the fine printed crayon in it as a foot-piece, a conceit, whether intentional or otherwise, quite suggestive of a probable smash and break-down. The other leg is a good old-fashioned goose-quill pen, the nib of which crackles man-

ifestly on the ground, beneath the weight of the walker, conveying unmistakable premonitions of an imminent split. Yet, with all these disadvantages, the being on stilts wears the quiet smile of a man who is biding his time. He calmly surveys through a telescope the crowd of runners below, who can hardly keep up with him, crippled though he is, and he slings defiantly at his back an immense port-folio, the contents of which we should like much to have an opportunity of examining, for it bears the name of 'Cham.' We trust that the Emperor of the French, who, of course, reads the KNICKERBOCKER regularly, will skip our solution of this wicked device on the cover of the 'Calendar for Fun,' as a friend of ours translates it; for we should be shocked to hear that the genial artist whose *nom de crayon* appears upon it, had been lost to laughing Paris in consequence of our too liberal interpretation of his satire.

Is it from a well-sustained conviction of its being acceptable in high quarters, that writer and artist in the same facetious annual dash much scalding ridicule upon 'perfidious Albion?' Here we have, under the head of 'Un Type Anglais,' an original and singularly withering lampoon upon the whole English nation, typified by a fictitious character who rejoices in the remarkably characteristic English name of 'James Robertson.' This dreadful personage is no longer in a position to worry. He is assumed as having recently retired from this world by way of Manchester, of which great cotton-twisting community he is chronicled as having been one of the wealthiest. His portrait conveys the idea of a monster whose mission on earth was the consumption of much under-done 'rosbif,' the ramparts of teeth displayed by him with solemn grin, being conclusive of the carnivorous beast. His whiskers are the medium of a clever conceit, being, as it seems to us, of seaweed, a material suggestive of the great marine sway of Britain, and of putting salt on the muzzle of the lion, ere proceeding to 'beard him in his den.' The head of 'Robertson' is a success; the shirt-collar out of which it grows, a failure. It is a turn-downer, like those of the 'custom' or customary shirts patronized by one division of the swells of New-York, instead of that stiff, circular neck-band of dog-collar cut, in which the exquisite of the uppermost layer prefers to indulge Broadway with a glimpse of himself. In such a choke-band, which is the pillory to which fashion at present condemns its English convicts and their American accomplices, should 'Robertson' have been represented as strangling for his many crimes. The most terrible story told of him is about his treatment of a nice servant-girl of his, called Betsey. This simple-hearted young woman, who, of the eighteen domestics composing his establishment, was the greatest favorite with her master, was intrusted with the confidential duty of dusting out his study, into which she had the privilege of passing and

repassing at all times, one injunction only being laid upon her, which was, never to leave the door open behind her, whether coming or going. On this subject 'Robertson' was inflexible. One day Betsey came to him, confessed that her sister was going to be married, and asked leave to attend the wedding. Affably did beef-tearing 'Robertson' accord her the privilege, his bounty, indeed, exceeding her fondest hopes, by the offer of a gig, a horse, and a groom, to carry her to the abode of the couple about to be admitted into transient blessedness, whose dwelling lay at a short distance from the city. Betsey's joy at this unbounded generosity overcame her; she hopped into the gig like a bird, and was driven rapidly away by that skilful 'jockie,' John Thomas, the groom. But alas! in her joyful flutter she lost sight of the golden rule of that house, one of the doors of which — it was the study-door — she left yawning behind her at an angle of forty-five degrees with the wall. 'Robertson' did not shut it. He calmly sat down opposite the fire, which he had nearly grinned out with his long, sarcophagus teeth, ere he arose and took measures. 'Then,' says his French biographer, 'then was Robertson sublime.'

'To horse!' shouted he to his retainers, 'to horse! fully now has Betsey ridden a mile; saddle and bridle and spur! follow on her track and bring her hither without delay!'

In about two hours — slow time, that, Monsieur, for a mile and back — poor Betsey was led, pale and trembling, into the presence of the bull-devouring 'Robertson,' who glared at her for a moment with a blighting scowl, and then said coldly:

'Shut the study-door!'

With these chilling words of an inexorable Englishman the story ends. Does our memory palter with us, or have we heard this narration before, in another guise? Was it not of Arbuthnot the story was told, of how he was set upon in his carriage by foot-pads, in the dark of the night, on a lonely heath; how they took from him his time-piece, and his trinkets, and his cash, his laced coat, and every thing except his small-clothes; and how, when they had got some distance away with their booty, he hailed them back with all the dignity he could muster under the circumstances, and, in an imperative tone, commanded them to 'shut the carriage-door,' a mandate which they promptly obeyed? We are almost certain that Mr. Lovy, who puts his sign-manual to the legend of 'Robertson,' gleaned that humorous episode of it among English stubble. And what if he did? it would only be *en revanche* for the straws twitched by Sheridan from the stacks of Molière, and for the wholesale deportation of sheaves by all the English play-wrights, from the fields of Eugene Scribe, and other farmers in the fertile valleys of French dramatic literature.

Here, too, at page 21, we have a version of the old-established



English 'milord,' who sold his wife in the market-place. This one is a dissipated young nobleman, who 'ate up' his means by too constant a devotion to *le sport*, by frequent transactions connected with *le steeple chase*, and desperate wagers upon *le turf*; until he was at length driven to sacrifice his much better half to his necessity for a horse. His teeth, like those of 'Robertson,' are of unusual size and sharpness, giving him a very carnivorous expression as he grins his young wife before him to the fair, with unmitigated ferocity.

Manchester appears to be a favorite resort of the French humorist in pursuit of English *gibier*. It is to a mechanic of that city, according to M. Lovy, that the world owes the invention of a 'reasoning-machine.' One of these curiosities, he tells us, was to have been seen at the great industrial fairs at London and Paris, where it was exhibited between a machine for paring turnips and one for getting on tight boots without bursting your waistband. It was at the office of the *Morning Post* that this invention was most satisfactorily tested, the editor of that journal casting into the hopper of the machine the word *philosophy*, and drawing, in return, from the slide, the equivalent *fiddle-dee-dee*. There is a picture of the machine, which is something between a winnower and a barrel-organ. The editor of the *Morning Post*, who is casting his motto into it, is apparently a brother of 'Robertson,' and a first cousin, or some very near relation, of the nobleman who sold his wife: at least, he is endowed with the same physical peculiarities as those remarkable individuals; the long platter feet, and, above all, the prehensile teeth, the drawing of which latter feature (no pun, 'pon honor) seems to be quite conventional now among French delineators of English physiognomy. Certainly the teeth had need to be large and strong, to give them a chance of resisting the heavy things thrown at them; though we hardly think this is 'Cham's motive for so developing them.

In the *Almanach du Figaro*, which has a tolerable circulation, there are one or two subdued hits at the existing state of censorship. Figaro, for instance, appears in the character of landlord — '*Restaurateur de l'esprit Français*,' according to his sign-board — to whom appealeth a jovial character at table, behind a flask of wine, saying:

'Well, good Figaro, what now? how fares it with this poor French wit of ours?'

'Ah! monsieur,' replies Figaro, leaning pensively on the table, 'badly enough — it has been so long upon spare diet!'

And so it has. It reminds us, does that ghost of *l'esprit Français*, of the meagre foreigners one sees now and then gazing wistfully in at the window of a dining-saloon, with *n'y touchez pas* written in wrinkles on their melancholy faces, as they gloat over the boned turkeys displayed upon the broad shelf within.



Again, in the *Almanach Comique*, profusely illustrated with rough but spirited sketches by Cham and Maurisset, strict analysis will not fail of discovering covert allusion to the queer state of international affairs in Europe. At page 167 of this brimstone little production, we have presented to us 'a terrible tragedy acted in the firmament,' in which the sun is represented kicking the moon down-stairs to our globe; a very ungallant proceeding, considering the respective sexes of the parties, and one which we are quite desolate at finding a Frenchman capable of conceiving. The ostensible point of this composition would appear, to outsiders, to aim at some astronomical prediction; but four touches of a pencil, judiciously dotted on, debase the great luminary into such a laughable likeness of the Third Napoleon, that a clue is at once obtained as to the kicker who is going to cause such a 'fermentation among the stars.' But who is represented by the moon—the falling luminary going down into space like a shooting star? Is it Bomba, or is it Britannia, or is it the Austrian ambassador, and are we to understand Italy by the boot with which he is kicked? To the sagacious reader we leave the choice of any of these suggestions, which may be multiplied in proportion to the number of European powers; it being beyond clairvoyance to discern at which of them L. N. intends first to have a kick.

In closing our remarks upon these artful productions, we must record the great mortification experienced by us at finding America ignored by them, unless, indeed, we except a few allusions to the puissant Rarey, whom we must be satisfied to accept as the representative of our subjugative powers. In one conceit he is credited with having transformed the horse altogether, converting him into a long-tailed lamb, on one of which animals a monsieur, who can no longer be designated as a *chevalier*, is represented as airing himself. St. Hilaire might have come in better as the wizard who transmuted horse to lamb, he having been the first to treat his *convives* to foal chops, which the tastiest of them did not know from young mutton. A hint for Rarey is contained in another little fugitive sketch, in which a 'sportsman' prevents a horse from taking the bit between his teeth, by putting the bridle on his tail. And with this valuable recipe on our mind, we take our leave of French Almanacs for the present year, regretting, although the reader may not, that we have only three varieties of them in our possession.

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MEN, dying, make their wills,  
 But wives escape a work so sad;  
 Why should they *make* what all their lives  
 The gentle dames have *had*!

## T O B A C C O N A L I A . \*

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'It is the great and pulssant god of Tobacco.'—*Old Play*.

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It is claimed that no man can understand the nineteenth century unless he be either a smoker or a snuff-taker—that no one can sympathize with the essential ideas and instincts of our time, unless he be experienced in the important psychological and sentimental modifications that result from the use of tobacco. The claim looks plausible when we consider how much tobacco is actually consumed throughout the world, in connection with the fact that tobacco is by no means a powerless and insipid plant. It has great qualities; it can master the physical system, it can exalt the mind through every grade of being from its ordinary exercise up to wild sublimities of feeling and fancy, ending in nothing less than a perfect Buddhistic annihilation or absorption into the infinite, it can solace a world of troubles and interpolate passages of composure, comfort, and wisdom in the weary book of life's cares and vexations, it can so delicately nurse the exhausted and confounded intellect that a popular novelist has even accounted it a blessing that rivals the best of earthly blessings, and has ventured to weigh in a balance the comparative advantages of a segar and a wife. The custom of the American savage has been adopted not merely throughout Christendom, but by almost universal pagandom. It flourishes in every quarter of the globe, under every religion and government, in every rank of society, and only the remotest barbarians are now ignorant of a plant which, little more than three centuries ago, was known only to the remotest barbarians. The English use less tobacco, in proportion to their number, than several other nations, and yet the present revenue from the import of it into England is greater than that which Queen Elizabeth received from the entire customs of the country. In 1853 nearly twenty-five millions of pounds of tobacco were consumed in Great Britain, an average of more than one pound to every inhabitant. The amount expended for it by the consumers was more than eight million pounds sterling; and the revenue to the government was about five million pounds sterling. The annual consumption throughout the world is estimated at nearly two millions of tons, an amount for the conveyance of which nearly half of the whole British tonnage would be required.

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\* TOBACCO: its History and Associations. By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. London: CHAPMAN AND HALL. 1859.

An agent so powerful and so freely used can hardly be without its effect. In connection with coffee and tea, which are both late innovations, tobacco may be fancied to lie at the root of modern civilization, and to constitute the most real and vital difference between the ancients and moderns. There may be an invisible but organic relation between modern thought and smoke, between modern movements and sternutation. Mr. Buckle, in his researches for the law of civilization, may at length come to the tobacco-plant as the *primum philosophicum*. It may perhaps be true that our legitimate future progress will be in the development of those mental germs which bud under nicotian influences, and that some future Descartes will reconstruct the reigning philosophies on some such axiom as: 'I smoke; argal, I have ideas.' A club of young men is said to exist in Paris for the purpose of imbibing in union the inspiration of tobacco and opium, and writing out their visions. Every benevolent person will at least hope that their visions may be valuable enough to pay for the headaches of the next day, if not for the services of physicians.

But without discussing either the present or future influences of a drug so much in favor, we purpose only to introduce some reminiscences of its brief career among civilized nations, some relics that it has left of its history in curious literature and archeological collections.

In November, 1492, two sailors, whom Columbus had sent to explore Cuba, returned to the great admiral and told him that the natives carried a lighted firebrand and puffed out smoke from their mouths and noses. The Europeans supposed at first that this was a mode in which the savages perfumed themselves, but they soon discovered that the leaves of an herb were rolled up and burned in a sheath of Indian corn, and that the smoke was inhaled as if with pleasure. The custom was an ancient and familiar one among the natives, and they had for ages enjoyed the smoky reveries which the white men learned from them. Its power and charms were fully recognized by the savages, and it was not uncommon for the *caciques* and chief men to inhale the smoke until they became stupified. The most common pipe employed was a hollow forked cane, in the shape of the letter Y, and the forked ends were inserted into the nostrils, the other end being applied to the burning leaves of the herb. The pipe, the segar, and snuff, every mode of taking the plant in which the Old World has indulged, can be traced as already in existence in South-America about the time of its discovery, and as being already 'to savage nations dear.'

Tobacco may have been known to Asia, or possibly to Europe, prior to its introduction from America, but of this there is no sufficient evidence. It is a tradition in the Greek Church that Noah was intoxicated by tobacco; some Egyptologists have thought that they discovered representations of smoking parties on the monuments; China has been

affirmed, but not proved, to have been the happy home whence the herb migrated for the delectation of mankind; and Irish antiquaries have ascribed even a Celtic antiquity to the minute fairy pipes found in Great Britain. But antiquarians have not been able even to approach to a demonstration of any ante-Columbian acquaintance with tobacco in the Old World.

It had been for some years introduced into England before Sir Walter Raleigh made it fashionable by his example. He was a most devoted adherent of the pipe, and notwithstanding his courtiership, smoked to the disgust of the ladies of the court, smoked as he sat to see his friend Essex perish on the scaffold, and, faithful to the end, smoked a short time before he went to the scaffold himself. One of his earliest experiences as he 'took a private pipe,' was to be ducked by his servant with a bottle of ale, who supposed that his master was on fire. From his time the art of smoking rapidly made its way, till to take tobacco with a grace was deemed a necessary qualification of a gentleman. Ben Jonson, in his 'Every Man out of His Humor,' speaks of 'the most gentleman-like use of tobacco, as first to give it the most exquisite perfume, then to know all the delicate, sweet forms for the assumption of it, as also the rare corollary and practice of the Cuban ebollition, Euripus and Whiffe, which he shall receive or take in here at London, and evaporate at Uxbridge, or farther, if it please him.' The 'Euripus' was one of the many quaint styles of smoking, in which the Germans now especially excel, the students in the universities devoting much time to acquiring skill in feats of exhalation, such as breathing the smoke out gently till it forms a ring, and before it loses that form, sending another ring at right angles through it.

The most distinctive feature in the early use of tobacco was the small quantity of it employed. Its excessive cost forbade its free use. To make the most of it, therefore, it was customary to inhale the smoke through the mouth, but to exhale it through the nose. The increased power of the herb in this way will be evident to any one who will learn the art and make the trial. Until the middle of the seventeenth century, smoking went by the name of tobacco-drinking. For many years after its introduction, it was sold for its weight in silver, and Drayton alludes to the time of 'our plaine fathers':

'BEFORE that Indian weed so strongly was imbracet,  
Wherin such mighty summes we prodigally waste.'

Edmund Gardiner, in his 'Triall of Tobacco,' (1610,) complained that the 'patrimonies of many noble young gentlemen have been quite exhausted, and have vanished cleane away with this smoky vapor, and hath most shamefully and beastly flyen out at the master's noze.'

A eulogy, that is still not infrequently quoted, appears in 'Knave of Clubbs' of Samuel Rowland, produced in 1611 :

'MUCH victuals serves for gluttony, to fatten men like swine,  
But he is a frugal man, indeed, that with a leaf can dine,  
And needs no napkins for his hands his fingers' ends to wipe,  
But keeps his kitchen in a box, and roast meat in a pipe.'

Near the commencement of the seventeenth century, tobacco was very generally used in England and on the continent, and frequent reference is made to it in literature. Even ladies were wont to indulge in the weed, and Miss Pardoe relates that the daughters of Louis XIV. used to escape from the grave etiquette of the court circle in order to celebrate an orgie in their own apartments, and that they were once discovered by the dauphin engaged in smoking together at a late hour, having borrowed the pipes for the occasion from the officers of the Swiss guard. The charm which it exercised appears from Sir Robert Aytoun's sonnet :

'FORSAKEN of all comfort but these two,  
My fagot and my pipe, I sit to muse  
On all my crosses, and almost excuse  
The Heavens for dealing with me as they do.  
When Hope steals in, and with a smiling brow,  
Such cheerful expectations doth infuse  
As makes me think ere long I cannot choose  
But be some grandee, whatsoe'er I'm now.  
But having spent my pipe, I then perceive  
That hopes and dreams are cousins — both deceive.  
Then mark I this conclusion in my mind,  
It's all one thing — both tend into one scope —  
To live upon Tobacco and on Hope ;  
The one's but smoke, the other is but wind.'

Perhaps the most popular of all tobacco songs is that beginning, 'Tobacco is an Indian Weed,' which has undergone a variety of changes from the reign of James I. down to the present day. It seems to have been originally written by George Wither, and in the 'Pills to Cure Melancholy' of Tom D'Urfey, it assumes the following form :

'TOBACCO's but an Indian weed,  
Grows green at morn, cut down at eve,  
It shows our decay, we are but clay :  
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

'The pipe, that is so lily white,  
Wherein so many take delight,  
Is broke with a touch — man's life is such :  
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

'The pipe, that is so foul within,  
Shows how man's soul is stained with sin,  
And then the fire it doth require :  
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

'The ashes that are left behind  
Do serve to put us all in mind  
That unto dust return we must :  
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

'The smoke that does so high ascend,  
Shows us man's life must have an end,  
The vapor's gone — man's life is done :  
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

There is a mystical and almost oriental piety, resignation, and conceit about the song, which especially recommend it in the golden moments of smoky contemplation.

Yet the great sect of smokers did not thrive without persecution. The monarch of England, the wisest of fools, James I., aimed against them a 'Counterblast,' and pronounced the custom 'loathsome to the eye, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless.' Amurath IV., Sultan of Turkey, emulated his royal brother of England; and Pope Urban VIII., in 1624, solemnly published a decree of excommunication against whomsoever should use tobacco in churches. Yet, despite this opposition, the clergy themselves soon learned to indulge in a quiet pipe, and the astrologer Lilly gives an account in his 'Memoirs' of Parson Bredon of Thornton, who was a profound divine, and skilled even in the Ptolemaic system of nativities, and yet was so given over to tobacco, that when he had none of it 'he would cut the bell-ropes and smoke them.'

A fierce tirade against tobacco, found in manuscript in the Ashmolean collection at Oxford, begins as follows:

'Of all the plants that Tellus' bosom yields  
In groves, glades, gardens, marshes, mountains, fieldes,  
None so pernicious to man's life is knowne  
As is tobacco, saving hempe alone;  
Betwixt which two there seemes great sympathy  
To ruinate poore ADAM's progeny.  
For in them both a strangling virtue note;  
And both of them doe worke upon the throate.'

The Puritans, from the beginning, abhorred the pipe. Hutton, in 1611, wrote of one of them, who

'ABHORRES a sattin suit, a velvet cloak,  
And sayes tobacco is the devill's smoke.'

William Penn also disliked tobacco, though in America he was obliged to tolerate it with a grace. He once met a company of Friends at Burlington, who, out of respect to him, concealed their pipes on his arrival. He detected the relics of the smoke on entering the room, and said pleasantly: 'Well, friends, I am glad that you are at least ashamed of your old practice.' One of them answered: 'Not entirely so; but we preferred laying down our pipes to the danger of offending a weak brother.'

One of the most difficult things is to state precisely in what the charm of smoking consists. Many an old smoker is puzzled to answer the question when it is proposed to him, and almost as many different answers will be given as there are smokers. Tom Brown affirmed that 'tobacco, though it be a heathenish word, is a great help to Christian meditations,' and illustrated his meaning by adding, 'it may instruct you that riches, beauty, and all the glories of the world vanish like a vapor.' We once heard a beginner affirm that smoking was popular, 'because it was the most pleasant way of making one's self uncomfortable,' and the whole secret is probably contained in this remark. Smoking conduces to a change in the mental and physical tone; successive hours of labor have fixed the mind in a particular posture, from which it does not readily swerve; but the pipe pulls out the roots of care which have begun to grow in the heart, and at the same time exerts a soothing influence. It does the violence of throwing the whole man from one state into another, usually from a mood of action into a mood of reverie, and at the same time it most gently calms the pulse of feeling and thought, and enriches the aroma of the soul. It symbolizes the whole discipline of life, creating wisdom in the individual as the resultant from diverse and opposite forces, making every moment a satisfactory composite of discomfort and pleasure.

Under the reign of the Dutchman, William III., almost all England smoked with one mind. Tobacco was the theme of numerous conceits, one of which, to be understood, requires that the name should be written out in Roman capitals:

'To three-fourths of a cross add a circle complete;  
Let two semi-circles a perpendicular meet;  
Next add a triangle that stands on two feet;  
Then two semi-circles, and a circle complete.'

In the reign of Queen Anne, the consumption of tobacco, in proportion to the population, is said to have been greater than it has been at any other time. The wits of the period all either smoked or took snuff, the latter being then the almost universal custom of the continental clergy. One Lawrence Spooner complained that 'the sin of the kingdom in the intemperate use of tobacco swelleth and in-



creaseth so daily, that I can compare it to nothing but the waters of Noah, that swelled fifteen cubits above the highest mountains. So that if this practice shall continue to increase as it doth, in an age or two it will be as hard to find a family free, as it was so long time since one that commonly took it.' The following confession of a segar-smoker was commonly printed on tobacco-papers :

'I OWE to smoking, more or less,  
Through life the whole of my success;  
With my segar I'm sage and wise,  
Without, I'm dull as cloudy skies.  
When smoking, all my ideas soar,  
When not, they sink upon the floor.  
The greatest men have all been smokers,  
And so were all the greatest jokers.  
Then ye who 'd bid adieu to care,  
Come here and smoke it into air!'

One of the most amusing illustrations of anxious devotion to tobacco is the following letter from a sailor, found in a little volume entitled '*Nicotiana*,' (1834:)

*'Gravesend, March 24, 1813.*

'DEAR BROTHER TOM: This comes hopin to find you in good health as it leaves me safe anckored here yesterday at 4 P.M. arter a pleasant voyage tolerable short and a few squalls. Dear Tom—hopes to find poor old father stout, and am quite out of pig-tail. Sights of pig-tail at Gravesend, but unfortinly not fit for a dog to chor. Dear Tom, captain's boy will bring you this, and put pig-tail in his pocket when bort. Best in London at the Black Boy in 7 diles, where go ask for best pig-tail—pound a pig-tail will do, and am short of shirts. Dear Tom, as for shirts, only took 2 whereof one is quite wore out and tuther most, but don't forget the pig-tail, as I an't had a quid to chor never since Thursday. Dear Tom, as for the shirts, your size will do, only longer. I likes um long, get one at present; best at Tower-hill, and cheap, but be particular to go to 7 diles for the pig-tail at the Black Boy, and Dear Tom, ask for pound best pig-tail, and let it be good. Captain's boy will put the pig-tail in his pocket, he likes pig-tail, so ty it up. Dear Tom, shall be up about Monday there or thereabouts, not so particular for the shirt, as the present can be washed, but don't forget the pig-tail without fail, so am your loving brother.

T. P.

'P. S.—Don't forget the pig-tail.'

The pipe may be the cheapest of luxuries, but it may also be the most expensive of hobbies. A graceful, well-finished, white clay pipe may be bought for a penny, and they are manufactured in large es-

tablishments at the rate of five hundred *per diem* to a workman. But the ornamented pipe, made of rare kinds of wood, agate, amber, crystal, cornelian, ivory, meerschaum, or various kinds of pure or mixed metals, and curiously and artistically carved and adorned, becomes a costly object of *virtu*. The pipe has always been a political symbol in France during the revolutions, being furnished with figures and inscriptions illustrative of the popular feeling; and in Germany all the quaint imaginings of Teutonic diablerie appear in the grotesque designs of the pipe-makers. The German meerschaum, which has now become cosmopolitan, is the most important for the art-workmanship which it displays. The name, signifying sea-foam, is nearly a translation of the term *keff-kill* applied to it by the Tartars. The light and porous clay of which it is made is found in various parts of Asia Minor, and is at first so soft as to be capable of forming a lather-like soap. Yet the meerschaum is by no means finished when the artist has completed his curious and precious work upon it: there remains the formidable task of coloring it to a rich and varied brown by the oil of tobacco escaping into the clay, and for this purpose several months are required. This rich tint is the peculiar mania of smokers, and to attain it in perfection it is said that the pipe, after being lighted, must never again be allowed to cool till its color is perfect. There is a tradition of one who made an arrangement with his friend by which his pipe should pass from mouth to mouth and be constantly smoked for seven months, the owner agreeing to pay for all the tobacco consumed. He obtained a perfect meerschaum, but his bill for tobacco amounted to more than five hundred dollars.

But the oriental nations have surpassed all others in luxurious modes of smoking. The Persians invented the hookah or nargeleh, by which the smoke is purified and cooled by being first drawn through water. It consists of a glass vase partially filled with water, in which a pipe extends from the bowl deep into the water, and another pipe from the stem stops before reaching the water. By inhalation a vacuum is produced, which is filled by the smoke rising through the water from the pipe connected with the bowl; and it finds its way through the other pipe to the mouth. The hookah is the most elaborate mode of enjoying the weed, and is usually a ponderous and highly decorated piece of machinery, intrusted to the care of chosen attendants. Beside the receptacle for the water, which is formed of glass richly cut and gilt, and enriched with precious stones, there is the leathern smoking-tube, which is so long that the hookah is sometimes borne behind a nobleman by a servant on horseback, who tends the bowl while his master is smoking in the distance. The Turkish, as also the German tobacco, is of a light quality, which allows the people of these countries to smoke almost continually with impunity.

The pipe is for private occasions in one's own study in a circle of friends. But the segar is the favorite of the moving smoker, and is indeed a rival of the pipe with all except a few who cultivate smoking as a fine art and a solemn ceremony. A man without a segar, says a Frenchman, is an incomplete man. The classic land of this form of tobacco is Spain, where it is smoked by every body, men, women, soldiers, judges, doctors, ecclesiastics, and even (some one says) by unweaned infants. The Spaniards have a proverb that 'a paper cigarette, a glass of fresh water, and the kiss of a pretty girl, will sustain a man for a day without eating.' Byron, in praising tobacco, declares his special love of the segar:

' ——— THY true lovers more admire by far  
Thy naked beauties — Give me a segar!'

and one of his contemporary poets thus explained his inspiration:

' A FEW more whiffs of my segar,  
And then in fancy's airy car,  
Have with thee for the skies;  
How oft this fragrant smoke upheuled  
Hath borne me from this little world,  
And all that in it lies!'

It is strange that snuff-taking should generally have found more favor with ladies, and been much more frequently in fashionable practice by them, than smoking. It was at the court of Louis XIV. that snuff, with its expensive corollaries of scents and curious boxes, first received the highest sanction, so that Molière spoke of it as *la passion des honnêtes gens*. In England it became common after the great plague, which gave an immense impulse to the consumption of tobacco in every form, from a belief that it prevented infection; and in every country the boxes have been nearly as ingeniously devised and ornamented as pipes. Boswell, in his 'Shrubs of Parnassus,' gives this eulogy:

' O SNUFF! our fashionable end and aim!  
Strasburgh, Rappee, Dutch, Scotch! whate'er thy name;  
Powder celestial! quintessence divine!  
New joys entrance my soul while thou art mine.  
By thee assisted, ladies kill the day,  
And breathe their scandal freely o'er their tea;  
Nor less they prize thy virtues when in bed,  
One pinch of thee revives the vapored head,  
Warms in the nose, refreshes like the breeze,  
Glows in the head, and tickles in the sneeze.'

It has been claimed that smokers do not feel so large an amount of gratification, so mercurial a joy, as the snuff-taker, and that snuffing

has therefore generally been the favorite mode of consuming tobacco with men of quick intellects. The mere smoker can hardly read the following lines 'To my Nose' by Alfred Crowquill, without envy :

'Knows he that never took a pinch,  
Nosey, the pleasure thence which flows?  
Knows he the titillating joys  
Which my nose knows?  
O nose! I am as proud of thee  
As any mountain of its snows;  
I gaze on thee and feel that pride  
A Roman knows!'

Lord Stanhope estimated that in forty years of a snuff-taker's life, two entire years would be spent in tickling his nose, and two more in blowing it, and concluded that a proper application of the time and money thus lost to the public, might constitute a fund for the discharge of the national debt of England. Somewhat later a satirist invented what he termed a snuff-pistol; 'it has two barrels, and being applied to the nose, upon touching a spring under them with the fore-finger, both nostrils are instantly filled, and a sufficient quantity driven up the head to last the whole day.'

There are excellent medical authorities at the present time who maintain the harmlessness of tobacco, when used in moderation. The spirit in which the habit is most frequently referred to by the press is not a hostile one. We certainly live longer than our ancestors did in the age of Henry VIII. It may doubtless be maintained, after a fair survey, that tobacco is 'the juice of cursed hebenon' only to those who by reckless and unbounded excess keep themselves in a constant state of narcotic hebetude; and this class is perhaps not small in number.

In the list of great smokers are the names of Hobbes, Newton, Dr. Parr, Charles Lamb, Sir Walter Scott in one part of his life, and the laureate Tennyson. Elia's elegant farewell to tobacco, after he had acquired the prodigious power of puffing the coarsest weed 'by toiling after it as some men toil after virtue,' is well known. Alfred de Musset, Eugène Sue, and Madame Dudevant are recent distinguished French smokers, while Dumas, Victor Hugo, and Balzac have not smoked, the last declaring that no good thing could come from the brain of any man who was addicted to the habit. Two of the greatest Germans, Goethe and Heinrich Heine, hated tobacco.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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THE LIFE, TRAVELS AND BOOKS OF ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, with an Introduction by  
BAYARD TAYLOR. New-York: RUDD AND CARLETON.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT has been one of the world's great men for the last fifty years; but beyond the charmed circle of science in which he stood, like another Prospero, unveiling the secrets of heaven and earth, he was little but a name. He had a great but vague reputation as a traveller and philosopher, but next to nothing was known of him personally. The present biography will do much to introduce him to the world of general readers; for no one, we venture to say, will rise from its perusal without a pretty clear idea of the man and his work.

The biography is divided into four epochs, or books. The first extends over a space of thirty years, beginning with HUMBOLDT's birth in 1769, and ending with his sailing for the New World in 1799. It gives us a picture of his boyish days at Tegel; a sketch of his parents and teachers; his University life at Göttingen; his official employment in the mines of Bayreuth, and the difficulties attending the prosecution of his journey. The second book is devoted to his five years' travels in both Americas, and is in many respects the most interesting portion of the biography, interesting as the relation of an eventful journey, and in the highest degree picturesque. The third book commences with his return to Europe in 1804, and ends with his journey to Central Asia in 1829. The first chapter describes his twenty years' residence in Paris, and the multitude of books to which it gave rise. The *resumé* of these books, which by the way are a complete scientific library, is full and minute, and will be found interesting even by unscientific readers. In no other source can even a list of them be obtained. Book fourth resumes the narrative in 1829, and conducts it down to HUMBOLDT's death, on the 6th of May, 1859. The chapter entitled 'HUMBOLDT at Home,' contains a series of sketches of the great philosopher in his last years. The best of these sketches are by the author of 'Incidents of Travel,' and Mr. BAYARD TAYLOR, the popular American traveller. Mr. TAYLOR's description of his two visits to HUMBOLDT are admirable. The book will be very popular.

BRITISH NOVELISTS, AND THEIR STYLES. By DAVID MASSON, M.A. Boston: GOULD AND LINCOLN. 1859.

PROFESSOR MASSON has ventured to attempt a classification of the whole world of novels. From the time of SCOTT he reckons thirteen great classes; the novel of Scottish life and manners, the novel of Irish life and manners, the novel of English life and manners, the fashionable novel, the illustrious criminal novel, the traveller's novel, the novel of American manners and society, the oriental novel, or novel of eastern manners and society, the military novel, the naval novel, the novel of supernatural phantasy, the art and culture novel, and the historical novel. This classification is hardly more useful or scientific than that of BULWER into the three classes of the familiar, the picturesque, and the intellectual novel, which might be sub-divided till every purpose of theory would be satisfied, though possibly it would be impossible to decide in which of a dozen classes to range any particular novel. Of all departments of literature, the novel is that which embodies the elements of real or ideal life with the least attempt to transfigure them; it lies the nearest to the extemporaneous and shifting phenomena of life as distinguished from the abstract principles and forms, the pure results of wide generalizations, which constitute the vital organism of productions of high art or exhaustive thought. To classify novels, therefore, is very much such an undertaking as it would be to classify men and women, to classify the seemingly fortuitous occurrences of an hour, a day, or a season, to classify the variations of the weather, or write the law of individual moods. The lectures of Professor MASSON are nearly the first attempt to weigh in a critical balance the most peculiar and distinctive class of books in the literature of the present century, regarded comprehensively, but probably it is as yet impossible either to assign to past novels their proper comparative place in literature, or to predict what new forms the prose romance may assume in its future developments.

GERMANY. By MADAME DE STAEL-HOLSTEIN. With Notes and Appendices, by O. W. WIGHT, A.M. 2 vols. New-York: DERBY AND JACKSON. 1859.

LORD BYRON was wont to style Madame DE STAEL a whirlwind in petticoats; MOORE named her the begum of literature; she has been often called the most intellectual female writer, and even the most intellectual woman, that ever lived. Intellectual greatness was certainly her leading characteristic. Few of her contemporaries were able to cope with her in conversational discussion; very few of them have written so ably on the highest questions of literature, philosophy, politics and religion; and not many civilians in her time were personally so formidable to the Emperor NAPOLEON. The most remarkable of all her writings is, perhaps, the work on Germany. This was the first interpretation to France and England of the intellectual movements of Germany in the age of KANT and GOETHE, and it is equally admirable for brilliancy, profundity, and justness. 'Corinne' reveals better her ROUSSEAU-like ideality and brightness of passion

the '*Reflections on the French Revolution*' are the best monument of her political sagacity and comprehensive grasp of the law and order of history, but the '*L'Allemagne*' is the strongest proof of her philosophic insight, penetrating to the ultimate forces and issues of life, and unfolding in advance of all her countrymen the most subtle and eccentric speculations that the world had known from the time of the neo-Platonists. Fifty years have scarcely diminished its value; the leading chapters on general questions of society, literature, philosophy, and religion remain among the most important of those enthusiastic and spiritual writings which extinguished ideology and revived faith in France, and her special criticisms on the various departments of German literature, even her pioneer reviews of the great philosophers of the transcendental school, have been in very few respects superseded. The notes which Mr. WIGHT has appended from various sources supply all that is necessary to make the volume complete, as far as its design goes, according to the latest judgments. It is the design of the publishers to produce a uniform edition of translations of her principal works.

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REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By GEO. C. BALDWIN, D.D. New-York: BLAKEMAN AND MASON. 1860.

It would be a curious study to trace the varying conceptions of the Gospel story and the Gospel characters through successive centuries, as revealed in the more genial and poetical of the Christian writings, and thus to note the various postures of the Christian spirit successively in the ages of persecution, turmoil, and barbaric invasion, in the mediæval ages of intellectual quietude, devotional sensitiveness, and poetical religious fancies, and in the late Protestant centuries of dialectic devotion and severity of dutiful life. The simplicity of the Gospel narrative would remain a constant element, but its kaleidoscopic reflections, its phases and adornments, would change with every change of period. The sacred lessons would be repeated in different forms according to the different mental and sentimental states of mankind. Dr. BALDWIN has developed from the New Testament a series of representative characters for the nineteenth century. The 'sensual man,' the 'impulsive man,' the 'avaricious man,' the 'beloved man,' the 'doubter,' the 'religious inquirer,' the 'nameless moral young man,' the 'almost Christian,' the 'converted man,' are all characters of the present time, though the author imagines that they are Gospel heroes. The abstract elements are in the New Testament, the concrete impersonations belong only to the present impetuous, inventive, progressive, and rather reckless and break-neck era. The same characters were doubtless developed by mediæval monks in quite another spirit. Something of the temper of the volume may be inferred from the fact that PAUL is presented as the type of the great man, and PERICLES, DEMOSTHENES, and DANIEL WEBSTER are depreciated in order to give prominence to the power of analysis, breadth of thought, irresistibility of argument, wealth of illustration, weight of pathos, graphicness of picturing, energy of denunciation, sublimities of imagination, depth of tenderness, bursts of enthusiasm, and power of practical appeal of the tent-maker of Tarsus.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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EDITORIAL NARRATIVE-HISTORY OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE: NUMBER EIGHT.—By reason of a necessity which is laid upon us, we must impose upon the reader some 'self-talk' in this stage of our editorial narrative: and although we shall try to be brief, perhaps we shall not be able altogether to escape the charge of bald egotism.

The 'EDITOR'S TABLE' of this Magazine, in variety and in its accustomed dimensions, may be said to have commenced at about the period of WASHINGTON IRVING's connection with the work. It has been continued from that time up to the present moment, with no diminution as to quantity, and we may perhaps suppose, with about an 'average' of quality. One thing is quite certain: it has been deemed individual and natural: and we can 'take our 'davy,' that from first to last, in our familiar chat with readers and correspondents, we have *written* nothing which we should not have *said* to them, face to face, if we had had the happiness to have had them by our side in the sanctum. Sitting there alone, or circulating in the society of a great metropolis, or sojourning at intervals in the country, we for years have seen much that awakened mirth, and felt much that elicited tears: and in jotting down these thoughts and emotions, we have had occasion invariably to find, as we have said before and elsewhere, that 'any one man who feels and enjoys — who can neither resist laughter nor forbid tears, that must out, and will have vent — is in some sort an epitome of the public.' This, at least, we *do* know: that we never heard any thing that shook the walls of the sanctum with laughter, or brought the tears into our own eyes, which did not have precisely the same effect upon the general public, when it had been naturally and appropriately recorded. And so it was that our 'TABLE' and 'GOSSIP' grew up and expanded, 'even unto this present:' praised much, and quoted, beyond its deserts; at the same time affording us, meanwhile, the utmost pleasure in the concoction; enhanced not a little by the thought, that if our readers should happen to be bored, they would not be bored long; for the subjects were various, briefly touched upon, and 'dispatched at once;' '*Gossip*,' literally: sad thoughts and glad thoughts, influenced by all seasons and jotted down at all seasons; scenes and incidents in town and country, and all over the country; familiar home-views, anecdotes and stories not a few; many and multifarious matters, in short, that made the writer laugh, and many that moistened his eyes as he wrote and read or re-read them.

When we began to make these departments a 'feature' of our work, twenty-two years ago, there were no editorial 'TABLES' set in native periodicals, and we were quite alone in our 'GOSSIPRY:' but there are imitators enough now, even to the minutiae of typographical arrangement. But after all, *our* 'Table' set itself—and our 'Gossip' gossipped itself. If we wrote at all, 'the thing was done:' we could not choose but write as we chat with friends—and that every one who knows us will testify. 'Happy they,' (therefore,) says a Spanish proverb, 'who can close their ears to a *book*.'

But it was the commendation of those whose praise 'tickled the very cockles of our heart,' which kept us 'up to our work' in these desultory pages. The journals throughout the country were flatteringly kind: they have continued to be so to this hour; and surely no one can be more grateful than we are, for this long-continued favor. Yet, when a relative of 'GEOFFREY CRAYON, Gent.,' told us that he heard that golden-hearted author laughing in bed early one morning over a little sketch of ours in the 'Gossip;\* and Mr. TOWNSEND, then of 'STRINGER AND TOWNSEND,' publishers, coming from behind the green office-curtain of their private sanctum, one day, said to us: 'That laugh is from Mr. COOPER, who is rejoicing over your story of the ugly man who was pitted against another ugly man, and had attempted to improve upon Nature by grimace;† why, these things gratified

\* 'OUR present theme is certainly a not very savory subject; but the untimely misfortune described in such unmincing Anglo-Saxon by a correspondent, tempts us to record a similar accident which we recently heard depicted by a friend, a French gentleman, whose unostentatious but princely hospitality adds (what one could hardly deem possible) even a new charm and grace to the lovely banks of the St. Lawrence, along the most delightful reach of that resplendent stream. 'It ees twánty year,' said he, 'since zat I was in New-Yo'k; and I go up one night in z' upper part de cité, ('t was 'most in de contree,) to see a fraände. Ah! oui! W'en I com' by de door-yard, I see som'sing—I not know what he ees, but I s'ought he was leetil rabeet; but he was ver' tame. I go up sofly to heem: 'Ah, ha!' I say to myself, 'I'av' gots you!' So I strike him big stroke vis my ombrel on his necks. Ah, ha! sup'pose w'at he do? B-a-a-h!!! He strike me back in my face wis his—D—n! I cannot tell: it was awfule! DREADFUL! He s-m-e-l-l so you cannot touch him—and I de saáme! I s'row myself in de pond, up to my necks; but it make no use. I s-m-e-l-l seez wee-cel! I not like go in ze room wis my fraände. I dig big hole to put my clo'es in de grounde: it not cure zem! I dig zem up: bah!—it is de saáme! I put zem back—and dey smell one year; till zey rot in de ground. *It ees fait!*' And so it *was* a fact; for no man born of woman could ever counterfeit the fervor of disgust which distinguished the graphic delineation of that sad mishap.'

† 'THE West is a great country, Friend C—,' writes a clever correspondent. 'Tall things happen there now and then. Here is a specimen: Having occasion to pass through the Upper Lakes last June, I was happy enough to find myself a passenger on board that palace of a boat the 'Empire,' Emperor HOWE commanding. My travelling companion for the time happened to be a thorough-bred 'Hoosier,' a prince of a fellow; one who feared God and loved fun and the ladies, but who was withal a most abominable stammerer. We had n't been long aboard, when the captain called our attention to a most remarkable-looking individual seated at the end of the cabin. I am not myself particularly handsome, and have seen some ill-looking men in my day; but so ugly a man as this had never crossed the scope of *my* vision. HOWE declared him emphatically 'the ugliest man that ever lived;' whereupon my friend TOM offered to wager a half-dozen of champagne that he had seen a worse one in the steerage. The bet was at once accepted, and TOM

us; they satisfied us, that what pleased *us*, would please *others*: and when Mr. IRVING did us the honor to call upon us one evening, at our little cottage at 'Dobb, his Ferry,' and to remark of the following little subsection of 'Gossipry' in the number of the KNICKERBOCKER for the month, that it was 'graphic,' 'masterly,' and calculated to 'do more good than a whole sermon upon the wages of sin,' why, it made us anxious to 'emulate ourself' a little more, and do what we could to deserve such praise from such sources. Suppose we quote this latter passage? — it is very short:

'We passed an hour in the Sing-Sing State-prison the other day; and while regarding with irresistible sympathy the wretched inmates, we could not help thinking how little, after all, of the actual suffering of imprisonment is apparent to the visitor. The ceaseless toil, the coarse fare, the solemn silence, the averted look, the yellow-white palor of the convict; his narrow cell, with its scanty furniture, his hard couch; these indeed are 'visible to the naked eye.' Yet do but think of the demon THOUGHT that must 'eat up his heart' during the long and inconceivably dismal hours which he passes there in darkness, in silence, and alone! Think of the tortures he must endure from the ravages of that pleasantest friend but most terrible enemy, imagination! Oh! the height, the depth, the length and breadth, of a sensitive captive's sorrow! As we came away from the gloomy scene, we passed on a hill, within the domain of the guard, the Prison Potter's-Field, where lie, undistinguished by head-stone or any other mark, the bones of those who had little else to lay there, when their life of suffering was ended. There sleeps MONROE EDWARDS, whose downward fate we had marked in successive years.

'We first saw him when on his trial; a handsome, well-dressed, black-whiskered, *seeming* self-possessed person, with the thin varnish of a gentleman, and an effrontery that nothing could daunt. Again we saw him, while holding court with courtézans at the door of his cell, at 'The Tombs,' the day before he left for Sing-Sing; clad in his morning-gown, with luxurious whiskers, and the manners of a pseudo-prince receiving the honors of sham-subjects. The next time we saw him he was clad in coarsest 'felon-stripe'; his head was sheared to the skull; his whiskers were no more; a dark frown was on his brow; his cheeks were pale, and his lips were compressed with an expression of remorse, rage, and despair. Never shall we forget that look! He had a little while before been endeavoring to escape, and had been punished by fifty lashes with a cat-o'-nine-tails; four hundred and fifty stripes on the naked back!

'Once again we saw him, after the lapse of many months. Time and suffering had done their work upon him. His once-erect frame was bowed; his head was quite bald at the top, and its scanty bordering-hair had become gray. And thus he gradually declined to his melancholy 'west of life,' until he reached his last hour; dying in an agony of terror; gnawing his emaciated fingers, to convince himself that he was still living; that the appalling change from life to death had not yet actually taken place!

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started for his man, who was to be brought up for comparison. He found the fellow a bit of a wag, as an intolerably homely man is apt to be, and, after the promise of a 'nip,' nothing loth to exhibit himself. As they entered the cabin-door, my friend, with an air of conscious triumph, turned to direct our attention to his champion, when he discovered the fellow trying to insure success by making up faces. 'St-st-stop!' said he; 'no-no-none of that! You st-st-stay just as God Almighty made you! You ca-ca-ca-can't be beat!' And he was n't!

And now he sleeps in a felon's grave, with no record of his name or fate. Is not the way of the transgressor 'hard?'

There: we have had all 'our say' about ourselves, and our 'own peculiar' departments of the KNICKERBOCKER: and if only a less authority than Mr. CRAYON had flattered us by praising the 'sallies of humor, the entertaining incidents, and the touches of tender pathos so frequently to be met with among the multitudinous leaves of the Gossip,' we should scarcely have dared to have the vanity to allude to the matter at all. Turn we now to our correspondents.

Among the many excellent writers who contributed to our pages many prose papers at this period in the history of the KNICKERBOCKER, was Rev. WALTER COLTON, author of 'Ship and Shore,' and other works, which acquired deserved popularity. He possessed a quiet humor, with great tenderness and pathos at times, and exceeding ease and grace of style. Not unfrequently, in close juxtaposition with thoughts which would bedew the reader's cheek, he would surprise him with the oddest and most quaint conceits; such, for example, as is contained in four lines of his, describing a 'meddling 'PAUL PRY' sort of man in the vessel in which himself was chaplain; who, he said, he 'had no doubt, at the general resurrection would be found getting out of somebody else's grave!' Mr. COLTON, in connection with a Mr. SEMPLE, published at Monterey, the first weekly newspaper which was ever issued in the 'Golden State,' not then 'El Dorado'—'*The Californian*': a diminutive sheet, containing eight columns in all; the first number of which, for August 15, 1846, now lies before us. What a contrast between the little sheet and the large and well-conducted weekly and daily journals which now do honor to San Francisco, and other cities and towns of our Pacific sister State! 'The Californian' may be said to have been evoked from chaos. The materials on which it was printed were found in the public buildings of Monterey, (of which Mr. COLTON was at the time an *Alcalde*;) had been used for the Spanish language; and were greatly injured by neglect; many of the necessary letters having been wasted or mislaid. Mr. COLTON has been dead for several years. We last saw him at Lake George, looking off from the piazza of our friend SHERRILL'S 'Lake-House' upon the clear waters, and the 'blue mountains round,' and devouring the beautiful scene with an eye ever open to the beautiful in Nature, but upon which, even then, it was evident DEATH had set his solemn seal. Peace to the ashes, and repose to the spirit, of a man of genius and a Christian gentleman!

Among the more popular correspondents of our Magazine, 'about these days,' was NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, now so well known and honored in both hemispheres. He was one of those contributors, too, whose packet of 'copy' was placed on the top of our pile of letters from the post-office, opened and read through, before the envelopes of the rest of the 'mail' were broken. Very 'freshly remembered,' even at this long lapse of time, is the pleasure with which we first perused, in the neat manuscript of the author of 'The Scarlet Letter,' 'The Fountain of Youth,' 'A Bell's Biography,' 'VIOLET FANE'S Rosebud,' 'The Town-Pump,' and other now 'Twice-Told Tales,' since each and all were subsequently included in a volume thus entitled: a volume, portions of which are almost as striking and effective as any segregated chapters of the author's best writings. Take, for ex-

ample, this single passage from the opening of '*Dr. Heidegger's Experiment*,' and observe the brief but forceful grouping of various character, and that weird power of still-life limning, so characteristic of the author :

'THAT very singular man, old Dr. HEIDEGGER, once invited four venerable friends to meet him in his study. There were three white-bearded gentlemen, Mr. MEDBOURNE, Colonel KILLIGREW, and Mr. GASCOIGNE, and a withered gentlewoman, whose name was the Widow WYCHERLY. They were all melancholy old creatures, who had been unfortunate in life, and whose greatest misfortune it was, that they were not long ago in their graves. Mr. MEDBOURNE, in the vigor of his age, had been a prosperous merchant, but had lost his all by a frantic speculation, and was now little better than a mendicant. Colonel KILLIGREW had wasted his best years, and his health and substance, in the pursuit of sinful pleasures, which had given birth to a brood of pains, such as the gout, and divers other torments of soul and body. Mr. GASCOIGNE was a ruined politician, a man of evil fame, or at least had been so, till time had buried him from the knowledge of the present generation, and made him obscure instead of infamous. As for the Widow WYCHERLY, tradition tells us that she was a great beauty in her day ; but, for a long while past, she had lived in deep seclusion, on account of certain scandalous stories, which had prejudiced the gentry of the town against her. It is a circumstance worth mentioning, that each of these three old gentlemen, Mr. MEDBOURNE, Colonel KILLIGREW, and Mr. GASCOIGNE, were early lovers of the Widow WYCHERLY, and had once been on the point of cutting each other's throats for her sake.' . . . 'Dr. HEIDEGGER's study must have been a very curious place. It was a dim, old-fashioned chamber, festooned with cobwebs, and besprinkled with antique dust. Around the walls stood several oaken book-cases, the lower shelves of which were filled with rows of gigantic folios and black leather quartos, and the upper with little parchment duodecimos. Over the central book-case was a bronze bust of HIPPOCRATES, with which, according to some authorities, Dr. HEIDEGGER was accustomed to hold consultations, in all difficult cases of his practice. In the obscurest corner of the room stood a tall and narrow oaken closet, with its door ajar, within which doubtfully appeared a skeleton. Between two of the book-cases hung a looking-glass, presenting its high and dusty plate within a tarnished gilt frame. Among many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that the spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients dwelt within its verge, and could stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward. The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full-length portrait of a young lady, arrayed in the faded magnificence of silk, satin, and brocade, and with a visage as faded as her dress. Above half a century ago, Dr. HEIDEGGER had been on the point of marriage with this young lady ; but, being affected with some slight disorder, she had swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions, and died on the bridal evening. The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned : it was a ponderous folio volume, bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There were no letters on the back, and nobody could tell the title of the book. But it was well known to be a book of magic ; and once, when a chambermaid had lifted it, merely to brush away the dust, the skeleton had rattled in its closet, the picture of the young lady had stepped one foot upon the floor, and several ghastly faces had peeped forth from the mirror ; while the brazen head of HIPPOCRATES frowned, and said : 'Forbear !' Such was Dr. HEIDEGGER's study.'

The writers for the *KNICKERBOCKER*, at this time — and this has been the case always — were from no particular section of the country. They came from the

East and the West, from the North and the South; and from far as well as near, in these cardinal divisions of the compass. Chief among our correspondents from the South, we may name, with the most cherished memories, our frequent and always welcome contributor, and long-time friend, the late lamented Hon. ROBERT M. CHARLTON, of Savannah, Georgia; whose 'Own Peculiar,' or '*Leaves from the Port-Folio of a Georgia Lawyer*,' afforded so much, and long-continued entertainment for our readers. When Mr. CHARLTON first began to write for our pages, he was, if we remember rightly, the Mayor of the city of Savannah. He subsequently, and for some years, occupied the bench of the highest court in the State; and when he died, was in the occupancy of a seat as Senator of the United States. He was a man of unobtrusive, retiring, but most agreeable manners; and in this regard, as well as in respect of a certain quiet, genial humor, and especially in personal bearing and lineaments, he bore a remarkable resemblance to our Long-Island and 'Up-River' correspondent, the author of 'Salander and the Dragon,' 'The Rector of St. Bardolph's, of whom we hope to have occasion to speak more at large in our next number.' Our correspondence with Judge CHARLTON was always pleasant: and twice he visited us, in his summer trip to the metropolis, and our northern watering-places: once at our residence in town, and again at the Ferry of DOBB, on the Hudson: crossing a well-known creek, Spuyten the Devil, and passing the 'Hook' known of TUBBY, on his drive thither. How the years roll on! It seems but yesterday, and on just such a mellow autumn day as that on which we write, that we rode together from DOBB's up to 'Sunnyside,' and after spending an hour with the genial 'master' thereof, returned and passed a memorable evening at home.

Judge CHARLTON's sketches were eminently *natural*. It was always plain to see that the subjects of his portraits were real 'sitters,' not the lay-figures of some wooden 'model'-maker. In the short descriptive and colloquial passage which we quote here from the 'Georgia Lawyer,' (and it has been the same with the brief representative extracts which we have cited from other voluminous contributors to the KNICKERBOCKER,) we are guided solely by the fresh remembrance of the impression which it made upon us, when we first perused it in the manuscript of the author, before sending it to the printer:

'THE other day, an individual called to consult me professionally. He belonged to the Dr. JOHNSON class, albeit rather a minute specimen. 'Sir,' said he, 'I desire to state a case to you; to get your advice, promptly, clearly, categorically. I dislike circumlocution. I love brevity. Sir, a dog came on my premises yesterday; a white dog, Sir, with black spots, a cut tail, and long ears, Sir. I describe him, Sir, with this precision, because I know the necessity of your being acquainted with all the leading facts, before you venture an opinion. Sir, I hailed him; I repeated it — and again; you perceive, Sir, *three* times. I did thus to the dog, because I would do the same to the man, Sir. It is a part of the law of nature, Sir, that you should hail three times before you shed blood, Sir. Well, Sir, as I said, I received no answer. Of course, I expected none; but I desired to preserve my consistency, Sir, and to act toward a beast with the same humanity I would exercise toward a man. They are both God's creatures, Sir. Well, Sir, I say I received no answer. I had a gun, a double-barrelled gun, Sir. I held it in my right hand, Sir — observe, I say 'the right hand;' make



yourself acquainted with the leading facts, Sir, before you venture an opinion. I raised it slowly. No answer yet, Sir; I expected none, Sir, of course. I cocked it. Still no answer. Of course, I expected none. I applied my finger to the trigger, Sir; I pulled it; I fired! He fell—he bled—he died. I did not fire the second barrel, Sir. I considered it unnecessary. I belong, Sir, to the utilitarian class. I do nothing that is unnecessary, Sir. Now, Sir, I am coming to the important point. Suppose, Sir, that instead of the white dog, with black spots, a cut tail, and long ears, suppose a man had entered my premises; that I had hailed him three times; you perceive, three times; I receive no answer; I raise my gun, I cock it, fire it. He falls—he bleeds—he dies. Tell me, Sir, briefly, distinctly, categorically, without equivocation, Sir, what, in your opinion, would be the consequence?

‘Hanging,’ said I.

‘Sir, I deny it. I asked your opinion, Sir, as a matter of form, but my own judgment was made up long ago. No court on earth, Sir, could so far violate the primitive rules of nature, as to hang a man, Sir, who had *hailed three times*. Nature says, Sir, hail three times, *and fire*.’

‘My good Sir,’ I interposed, ‘you forget that Nature has no blunderbusses: how then can she command to fire?’

‘She has no blunderbusses, Sir, as you truly, but, I regret to add, ignorantly and flippantly, remark, but she has sticks and stones, Sir, and she throws them in the way of the oppressed. I reason analogically, Sir, and progressively. Nature gives sticks and stones, Sir; nature gives man intellects, Sir; man makes blunderbusses. Now, Sir, observe the analogy; notice the progression; perceive the reasoning. Nature makes man; man makes blunderbusses; *ergo*, nature makes blunderbusses. Man is the agent of nature, the ‘general agent,’ Sir, as you lawyers call it, with unlimited powers—*qui facit per alium, facit per se*. Yes, Sir, nature makes blunderbusses, Sir. I have studied these things, Sir; I read nature, Sir. Her pages are not sealed books to me. I have the ‘*open sesame*’ to her most hidden treasures, Sir. There’s your fee, Sir. Good morning, Sir.’

‘What a powerful intellect that man has!’ said a good-natured and slightly-troubled-with-the-fool friend of mine, who had been a listener to our discourse; ‘what a pity he is so eccentric! If he would only apply his vast learning to some useful object, if he were not quite so positive and rude, he would be a most estimable and distinguished man.’

‘What an ass *you* are!’ I was tempted to say, but I checked myself. . . . ‘Now a sensible man would have put the question thus: ‘Sir, a dog broke into my ground yesterday, and after making three efforts to drive him out, I killed him. I am desirous to know what consequences would attach to the act, if, under similar circumstances, I should kill a man?’ But this would have been regarded, by the bystander of whom I spoke, as mere common-place, while all his encomiums were lavished on the rignarole stuff of the pompous maniac, in whose whole speech there was not a single word of meaning or common-sense.’

The author of ‘HARRY FRANCO,’ by the work thus entitled, established just claims to be considered a man of humor, an adroit satirist, and a keen observer of men and ‘living manners;’ the latter he caught ‘as they rose,’ and ‘bagged’ them most successfully. There are certain town-scenes and characters sketched in ‘HARRY FRANCO,’ which for force and felicity of touch, with a ‘rich brush,’ are



scarcely surpassed by any kindred accessories in any of DICKENS' stories. It has always seemed to us that Boz himself never exceeded, in simple naturalness of description, HARRY FRANCO's account of the metropolitan dry-goods 'DRUMMER,' who 'gallivanted' him in the most liberal manner, over the metropolis, taking him to all places of public amusement and refection in 'creature comforts;' attentions on the part of the 'Drummer' which closed one pleasant June morning, when his supposed 'big customer,' after having, 'by compulsion,' examined in all their comprehensive varieties, the latest importations at the extensive store in Cedar-street, selected a cheap vest-pattern at 'twelve shillings net,' and then closed the 'account of sales!' The 'principals' had been introduced to their new customer by the 'DRUMMER,' and having depicted the 'state of the market' for 'goods of that description, of that sort,' were *themselves* waiting upon him, and showing him their stock. The disgust of 'the House,' and the consternation of the 'Drummer,' (now an extinct race of metropolitan commercial agents in the main, we believe,) when the 'buyer' went away with his purchase, knew no bounds! There was also a little *brochure* by the author of 'The Haunted Merchant,' a small, squarish *pamphletina*, of a hundred and fifty pages, or thereaway, with some such title as '*Life in a Liner*,' if we remember rightly. One scene in it we doubt if we shall soon forget; for it was full of still-life burlesque, and the most grotesque effects. The ship is ready to sail from the port of Liverpool: time, Autumn, and a dark, mizzly afternoon: the sailors are ready; when the 'skipper' emerges upon deck from below, in an old blue surtout, the buttons high up on the back, with long Catholic-priest skirts, and a faded green cotton umbrella over his ancient bell-crowned hat, and in a thin, coughy voice, intimates that they 'might p'raps as well be gettin' eout into the stream, and puttin' off.' We quote from memory; but the *picture* itself, if not the consecutive *details*, is ineffaceable.

But, for this present, we are at the end of our tether. Perhaps we may entertain our readers more effectually next time. There is room enough, certainly, for such a consummation: and we 'can but try.'

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'OUT OF THE DEPTHS:' A WOMAN'S HISTORY. — '*Out of the Depths: the Story of a Woman's Life*,' is the exceedingly striking title of a volume not long since fresh and damp from the London press, but two excellently printed editions of which have already been issued *here*, by MESSRS. W. A. TOWNSEND AND COMPANY, Number 46 Walker-street, near Broadway. The '*Church of England Review*,' high authority, says of the work: 'This is a very *remarkable* book: a very *bold* book. While we must allow that it contains far too faithful a picture, we cannot call it irreligious or immoral; on the contrary, we call it most truly religious and moral; or, better still, most godly and manly. We have in it the *Story of a Woman's Life*, recording her downfall, her gradual degradation to the lowest of the low, and her painful and laborious ascent again to purer regions; in short, the 'Harlot's Progress' of the nineteenth century, in prose instead of in painting; provided also with a *retracing* of that PROGRESS, which the great painter moralist of the last century so powerfully depicted.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — 'PAUL BERNON,' of whom and from whom our readers may recollect to have heard, will not perhaps deny having written, and sent to us for publication in the *KNICKERBOCKER*, the subjoined simple sketch :

*Up in the Pines, August, 1859.*

'THE old DOCTOR is dead !

'We have been anticipating the event so long, that we had almost forgotten that he yet remained ; and his death, by calling men's attention to him, seems to have restored him to life.

'He was in his ninetieth year, and both in his life and the manner of his death, presented such an instance of the perfect fulfilment of nature's laws as a community hardly witnesses in a century.

'Uniting the calling of a physician with the duties of a minister of the Society of Friends, he was for three-score years, alike the intelligent guide and worthy example to all the country around, not only in matters of health and disease, but in moral and spiritual interests.

'I knew him in my boyhood ; and he was then as venerable in appearance as he was at the time of his death. His pensive countenance and quiet manner, and the peculiarity of his dress — for he adhered to knee-breeches and high stockings after all others had discarded them — formed a picture easily impressed on the memory.

'Sedulously abstaining from political discussions and from social and family bickerings, and prompt to administer counsel and afford assistance wherever needed, he secured the affection of all, and incurred the enmity of none.

'Some five years ago, and shortly after the death of her who had been his companion for half a century, his mind began to wander ; although he was favored with a remarkable exemption from bodily infirmity. He seemed to be communing with the spirits of deceased friends : often spoke of interviews with them. His visitors were not unfrequently transformed in his imagination to long-lost friends, and as such he would hold long conversations with them. With peculiar truthfulness might it have been said of him :

'His heaven commences ere the world be past.'

'But it was my intention to speak of his burial.

'How befitting the day, the hour, and the place ! It is First Day in mid-August ; and the services will begin at eleven o'clock — the usual hour of meeting — in the old meeting-house which has been for so many years the scene of his ministrations.

'It is a clear cool day, and the farmers in the vicinity, and the Friends, even from a long distance, are early making their way to the well-known homestead on the brow of the hill. The orchard contiguous to the house is soon filled with carriages ; many of them from the city which you see through the openings in the hills miles away.

'It is time to proceed to the place of the meeting. The coffin is placed in the hearse by the pall-bearers. They were boys when he was in his prime, but coëvals there are none !

'The long procession winds its way down the sinuous road to the quiet valley where the rustic meeting-house is situated. The revered remains are borne in. The higher seats are occupied by the elders, the rest of the house is immediately filled, and a respectful crowd gathers outside of each window.

'How solemn is the stillness! No human voice or sound; no hum of insects; you cannot even discern the note of a bird; only the wind gently breathing hushing whispers in the tops of the locusts.

'The silence is at length broken. An esteemed minister has arisen and is uttering with a clear, distinct voice, but with saddened accents, the familiar words:

*'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.'*

'He dwells on the character of the departed long enough to give force to the lesson which he desires for the living, and proceeds with a clear, direct, and logical discourse calculated to make a lasting impression on the minds and hearts of his hearers.

'An interval of silence, and a tall and venerable preacher arises. Pausing for some moments, he begins tremulously:

*'And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.'*

'The friendship between the speaker and the deceased had been of too long duration, and too intimate in its character, to permit him to diverge long from the personal character of his friend. He dwells lovingly upon it, and often returns to it as an example in his exhortations.

'An aged matron kneels in fervent prayer, and soon after the customary shaking of hands announces the conclusion of the services.

'The coffin is removed to the shade of a large tree to give an opportunity for all to look upon the face of their venerable friend for the last time upon earth. Much time is thus occupied, for the throng is great, and there is many a long look.

'The lid is closed, the pall-bearers take up their burden, a procession forms silently and moves slowly to the little grove of locusts in the rear of the house.

'There is a mound there with a small slate head-stone. On the stone a female name; naught else save her age — eighty-three! and the time of her decease. Beside the mound a vacant space has waited long for an occupant. How yearningly yet resignedly its anticipated tenant has longed to occupy it, who can tell?

'The coffin is placed upon spades laid across the open grave, and a long pause follows. It is then lowered slowly to its final resting-place, and the gravel falls with that dull sound so desolate beyond all others.

'We turn away silently and slowly, but not regretfully. All feel that he has come to his grave as a shock of corn cometh in his season; and each heart uttereth the prayer: *Let my last end be like his!*

Is not this sketch in perfect '*keeping?*' - - - In two diurnal journals of our noble metropolis, the one a morning, the other an evening sheet, published this day, we read as follows:

'THERE is no life which is so wearisome as that of a soldier, *when it is not diversified by the instant presence of ghastly death in the field.* Ennui is one of the causes given for the short average of army life, even in garrison in England. They are literally bored to death; and this, it is said, is particularly true of service in the East. Almost all Europeans hate the East-Indian life, after the first novelty is worn off; and this must be especially the case with men subjected to the *superadded annoyances of military discipline.*' . . . 'The East-India service under the Crown will, doubtless, be made

as advantageous as it was under the Company, and then there will be no difficulty in keeping up the forces there on the necessary footing. And this is no more than reasonable, in view of the long exile which it involves, the risks of the diseases of 'that fatal, deadly shore,' and the manifold dangers and discomforts of that distant service. It must be made worth the while of sensible men, before they will encounter liver-complaint, jungle fever, tigers, cobra di capellas, NENA SAHIBS, and TANTIA TOPEES, and the other incidents of oriental life.'

How much more 'unpleasant,' or, 'not to put too fine a point upon it,' how much more of 'a bore,' the 'fatal deadly shore' of India may be, to an English soldier, than

'——— THE pleasant fields traversed so oft,  
In life's morning march, when his bosom was young,

may perhaps be gathered from this paragraph (published without comment, as a simple article of news) from a recent issue of the *London Times*. Two men, 'whose home-feelings had overcome them,' according to the *Manchester Guardian*, were thus flogged for temporary desertion before disbandment:

'The first man, named GREEN, bore his punishment, as stated by an eye-witness, 'like a true soldier;' but the second, named DAVIS, a young recruit, protested his innocence of the crime of desertion, bellowed and screamed for mercy, and supplicated Colonel TALBOT, and the medical officers, and others who were present, to have compassion on him, or he should die. His back was covered with a mass of large red, inflated boils, which bled profusely at every stroke, and reddened the ground under his feet; upon which the cat was ordered to be withheld for a few moments; when, finding that his punishment was not at an end, he gave vent to exclamations for mercy, and partly succeeded in delivering himself by force from the straps which bound him to the hal-yards. The punishment was again ordered to be continued, when at every succeeding stroke his cries and exclamations were most lamentable; insomuch that officers and men swooned away at the sickening spectacle, and had to be carried into the open air. One officer, and upward of twenty non-commissioned officers and men, long in the service, fainted, and others stopped their ears and closed their eyes, lest they, too, should become unnerved, and be subject to the reproach and ridicule of their comrades.'

Colonel TALBOT, of 'Her MAJESTY's service,' shall you visit 'Canadaw' at any time 'ereafter? If you *should* do so, 'step ovaw' into the States, ye kno', and permit 'the natives' to look upon the lineaments of an unmitigated tyrant and brute. 'Do, please:' and also, 'look ye;' will you ever come to *die*, d' ye think? And if ye *should*, ye kno', 'ow would it be about that remark of the only and blessed SON of the 'FATHER of all Mercies,' 'Blessed are the merciful, for THEY shall *obtain* mercy?' - - - 'You know, of course, all about Erie,' writes a friend from that railway-quarrelsome town on the northern border of Pennsylvania — 'who does not? We once had a railroad war here which brought our place into notice, and occasioned the otherwise reputable lake city as many curses as there were travellers that passed through it during the war. I propose to communicate an incident of those stirring times. Tom ——, a jolly, sprightly, good-hearted, whole-souled, dapper little fellow as ever lived, was high-sheriff, and as such, had the responsibility of 'keeping the peace,' and in order the better to do it, prepared for war by purchasing a revolver, which at times he was accus-

tomed to stick in a pigeon-hole in his office. BILL —, a sober, candid, shrewd, always fun-loving, and at times a trick-playing attorney, was in the sheriff's office settling up some old matter, and 'fobbed' the pistol. After closing up their particular business, BILL commenced pacing the room, and with a very serious look and manner says, 'Tom, this is really too bad, that in a heretofore quiet town like this a man an't safe in walking the street without arms, (showing the revolver ;) here I have paid twenty dollars for this pistol, and I am sick of carrying it, and won't carry it another day, let what will come; I'll sell it for ten dollars.' 'Let's see,' says TOM: 'looks good deal like mine; half an inch shorter; not quite so well mounted, but will match mine very well — here's your money.' BILL took the money and walked from the office. TOM looked for his pistol to compare, and did n't find it. He instantly understood that in buying the pistol he had sold himself, but with it soon brought BILL to a halt, who, after the proper amount of 'treating' which TOM agreed to stand rather than to have the thing made public, restored him the balance of the 'sawbuck.' TOM still insists that the thing was half an inch short: not a bit of doubt on 't!' - - - The recent death of Mr. CHARLES M. LEUPP — 'recent' as we write, on the evening of the seventh of October — is an event now made known, through the public journals, to our readers in every part of the Union. We have but just looked our last upon the clay-cold face of the lamented deceased; a friend intimately known and cordially cherished, for a period extending over twenty-five years. Reserving until an ensuing number a consideration of some of the personal characteristics of Mr. LEUPP, (which live enduringly in the hearts and memories of all who knew him 'in his daily life as he lived,') we content ourselves for the moment by presenting the subjoined obituary-notice from the pen of Mr. BRYANT, of the *'Evening Post'* daily journal:

'THE friends of Mr. C. M. LEUPP were startled this morning with the intelligence of his sudden death, by his own hand. The particulars of this sorrowful event are given under the proper head in this sheet. We will not further allude to them than to say, in behalf of the memory of an excellent man and a dearly cherished friend, that the case was decidedly one of a momentary aberration of the intellect. He had been a successful merchant, and by his sagacity and careful attention to business had acquired a large fortune. For some years he had been relieved from the severer labors of the commercial firm of which he was the head, to the great advantage of his health and spirits; contenting himself with a general superintendence of its affairs, and indulging himself in excursions to different parts of the country, and now and then a short visit to the old world. Of late, however, the death of one of his partners, and the illness of another, had compelled him, though reluctantly, to return to the daily and close application to business in which his early life was passed. This was observed, after a time, to have a most unfavorable effect upon his spirits; and finally, a very short period before his death, various circumstances occurred in his conduct and his manner of viewing things, which made his friends anxious concerning the soundness of his mind. The event of last night more than justified all their anxieties.

'In the death of Mr. LEUPP the community has suffered an essential loss. To say of him that he was one of our ablest merchants, is to express the least of the commendations to which he was entitled. He was one of those whom the maxims and habits of trade had never corrupted; a man of open and generous temper, who abhorred every form of deceit and every unfair advantage; sensitive to blame, almost to excess, yet never to be driven by blame from any course which he thought right. He was a useful member of several of our best conducted moneyed associations, and to one of our charitable institu-

tions, the House of Refuge, he gave much of his time, and watched its workings with the deepest interest. His mind had been much cultivated by reading, and he delighted in works of art, to the love of which he brought a natural taste almost unerring in its decisions, and of late years cultivated by the contemplation of the noblest productions of the pencil and the chisel in the galleries of the old world. The artists among his countrymen found in him a liberal friend. His mind was of a somewhat peculiar cast; exceedingly rapid in its perceptions, and no less prompt in its conclusions; and to this extraordinary combination of sagacity and decision his success in business is doubtless to be attributed. In private and domestic life he was the most amiable and gentle of men; and he leaves troops of friends who sorrow that they shall see his face no more.

'MR. LEUPP was a native of New-Brunswick, in New-Jersey, of German descent on the side of the father, who was a member of the Moravian fraternity, and derived his origin from the little community of that persuasion established at Neuwied on the Rhine. MR. LEUPP came to New-York in early youth, as a clerk of GIDEON LEE, whose partner he afterwards became, and finally his successor in business.'

Peace to his 'soul-heart!' - - - WHEN we read to our long-time friend, Mr. WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER, the universally popular composer and vocalist, for the first time that he had ever heard it, '*The May-Queen*' of ALFRED TENNYSON, which, after a prolonged study and practice, that enabled him to do justice to the theme, he wedded to immortal harmonies, we were conscious of some such feeling as we entertain at this moment, when we ask our readers' attention to '*The Grand-mother's Apology*,' recently from the same affluent, pathetic, full-hearted pen. We hope our friend, now on a visit to his native Scotland, may peruse the lines in these pages for the first time: a chance which may happen, since they first appeared in print in London a day or two after he left these his 'adopted' shores. We should love to see his face radiate feeling and friendship as he reads them:

'AND WILLY, my eldest born, is gone, you say, little ANNIE?  
Buddy and white, and strong on his legs, he looks like a man.  
And WILLY's wife has written; she never was over-wise,  
Never the wife for WILLY: he would n't take my advice.

'FOR, ANNIE, you see, her father was not the man to save,  
Had n't a head to manage, and drank himself into his grave.  
Pretty enough, very pretty! but I was against it for one.  
Eh! — but he would n't hear me — and WILLY, you say, is gone.

'WILLY, my beauty, my eldest boy, the flower of the flock,  
Never a man could fling him: for WILLY stood like a rock.  
'Here's a leg for a babe of a week!' says doctor; and he would be bound  
There was not his like that year in twenty parishes round.

'Strong of his hands, and strong on his legs, but still of his tongue!  
I ought to have gone before him: I wonder he went so young.  
I cannot cry for him, ANNIE: I have not long to stay;  
Perhaps I shall see him the sooner, for he lived far away.

'Why do you look at me, ANNIE? you think I am hard and cold;  
But all my children have gone before me, I am so old;  
I cannot weep for WILLY, nor can I weep for the rest;  
Only at your age, ANNIE, I could have wept with the best.

'For I remember a quarrel I had with your father, my dear,  
All for a slanderous story, that cost me many a tear.  
I mean your grandfather, ANNIE: it cost me a world of woe,  
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.



'For JENNY, my cousin, had come to the place, and I knew right well  
That JENNY had tript in her time; I knew, but I would not tell.  
And she to be coming and slandering me, the base little liar!  
But the tongue is a fire as you know, my dear, the tongue is a fire.

'And the parson made it his text that week, and he said, likewise,  
That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,  
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,  
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

'And WILLY had not been down to the farm for a week and a day;  
And all things looked half-dead, though it was the middle of May.  
JENNY, to slander me, who knew what JENNY had been!  
But soiling another, ANNIE, will never make oneself clean.

'And I cried myself well-nigh blind, and all of an evening late  
I climbed to the top of the garth, and stood by the road at the gate.  
The moon like a rick on fire was rising over the dale,  
And whit, whit, whit, in the bush beside me chirrup the nightingale.

'All of a sudden he stopt: there past by the gate of the farm,  
WILLY—he didn't see me—and JENNY hung on his arm.  
Out into the road I started, and spoke I scarce knew how;  
Ah! there's no fool like the old one—it makes me angry now.

'WILLY stood up like a man, and looked the thing that he meant;  
JENNY, the viper, made me a mocking courtesy and went.  
And I said: 'Let us part; in a hundred years it'll all be the same,  
You cannot love me at all, if you love not my good name.'

'And he turned, and I saw his eyes all wet, in the sweet moonshine;  
'Sweetheart, I love you so well that your good name is mine.  
And what do I care for JANE, let her speak of you well or ill;  
But marry me out of hand; we two shall be happy still.'

'Marry you, WILLY!' said I, 'but I needs must speak my mind,  
I fear you will listen to tales, be jealous and hard and unkind.'  
But he turned and claspt me in his arms, and answered: 'No, love, no;  
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

'So WILLY and I were wedded; I wore a lilac gown;  
And the ringers rang with a will, and he gave the ringers a crown.  
But the first that ever I bare was dead before he was born,  
Shadow and shine is life, little ANNIE, flower and thorn.

'That was the first time, too, that ever I thought of death.  
There lay the sweet little body that never had drawn a breath.  
I had not wept, little ANNIE, not since I had been a wife;  
But I wept like a child that day, for the babe had fought for his life.

'His dear little face was troubled, as if with anger or pain:  
I looked at the still little body—his trouble had all been in vain.  
For WILLY I cannot weep, I shall see him another morn:  
But I wept like a child for the child that was dead before he was born.

'But he cheered me, my good man, for he seldom said me nay:  
Kind, like a man, was he; like a man, too, would have his way:  
Never jealous—not he: we had many a happy year;  
And he died, and I could not weep—my own time seemed so near.

'But I wished it had been God's will that I, too, then could have died:  
I began to be tired a little, and fain had slept at his side.  
And that was ten years back, or more, if I do n't forget;  
But as to the children, ANNIE, they're all about me yet.

'Pattering over the boards, my ANNIE who left me at two,  
Patter she goes, my own little ANNIE, an ANNIE like you:  
Pattering over the boards, she comes and goes at her will,  
While HARRY is in the five-acre and CHARLIE ploughing the hill.



'And HARRY and CHARLIE, I hear them too — they sing to their team :  
Often they come to the door in a pleasant kind of a dream.  
They come and sit by my chair, they hover about my bed —  
I am not always certain if they be alive or dead.

'And yet I know for a truth, there's none of them left alive ;  
For HARRY went at sixty, your father at sixty-five ;  
And WILLY, my eldest-born, at nigh three-score and ten ;  
I knew them all as babies, and now they're elderly men.

'For mine is a time of peace, it is not often I grieve ;  
I am oftener sitting at home in my father's farm at eve ;  
And the neighbors come and laugh and gossip, and so do I ;  
I find myself often laughing at things that have long gone by.

'To be sure, the preacher says our sins should make us sad :  
But mine is a time of peace, and there is Grace to be had ;  
And God, not man, is the Judge of us all when life shall cease ;  
And in this Book, little ANNIE, the message is one of Peace.

'And age is a time of peace, so it be free from pain,  
And happy has been my life ; but I would not live it again.  
I seem to be tired a little, that's all, and long for rest ;  
Only at your age, ANNIE, I could have wept with the best.

'So WILLY has gone, my beauty, my eldest-born, my flower ;  
But how can I weep for WILLY, he has gone but for an hour —  
Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into the next ;  
I, too, shall go in a minute. What time have I to be vexed ?

'And WILLY's wife has written, she never was over-wise.  
Get me my glasses, ANNIE : thank God that I keep my eyes.  
There is but a trifle left you, when I shall have past away.  
But stay with the old woman now : you cannot have long to stay.'

Observe the *pictures* in these lines ! - - - J. M. R —, of Memphis, (Tenn.,) cotton-factor, in a 'sweet dream of peace,' after the 'understanding' at Villafranca, addresses his western 'patrons' joyfully and highfalutingly, as follows : 'Notwithstanding my last pleasure was heralded by the excited state of our monetary system, and the tocsin of European War soon followed ; suggesting, as it were, an elementary conspiracy against our future success ; yet, I can congratulate my friends on the eventful past, and rejoice to announce the bright prospects which to-day is wafted to our shores, by the swift wings of electricity, that peace is declared in Europe, and Cotton again reigns triumphant !' Our readers in the neighborhood of 'J. M. R —,' who have 'the staple' for sale or transportation, must not forget to respond to his 'earnest call.' - - - THE twenty-fourth day of this November is appointed by Governor MORGAN, in pursuance of a usage which dates from a time 'to which the mind of man runneth not to the contrary,' as a 'Day of Thanksgiving.' And it so chanced, that a little while before reading, just now, his announcement thereof, in the daily journals, we had been perusing, among numerous other letters and notes of our old friend and contributor, 'JOHN WATERS,' (the late HENRY CARY,) the subjoined characteristic 'notelet.' It is without 'anno-domini date,' but it must have been penned some eighteen or nineteen years ago :

'At the Dinner-Table, Friday, Nov. 26.

'MY DEAR SIR : I have yours of yesterday — that grotesque day for New-York ! which, least of any one State in this multiplied Union, hath the smallest possible con-

ception of a Thanksgiving-Day ! which hath its prayer and fasting in one direction, its riot and drunkenness in a second, its military pageant in a third, its gormandizing in a fourth, and a vast, unwonted, hard-breathing, melancholy, and nothing-to-do-ness, over the whole ! How different, how opposite, from the sun-beam which on that day rested over the old Bay State ! where families in their remotest branches, as a matter of course, were reunited ; where latent, subdued, deep, and repressed affection were, for the first time during the year, brought forth into God's holy light ; and the hard hand, and the brown cheek, and lines of deep thought, gave way to pleasure and to love, and softened before the white-haired tenderness of the maternal welcome, and the silent blessing of 'the old man : ' when grand-children and great-grand-children were, each in their generation, compared with each, and with remembrances of old ; and God was praised for the renewal of youth like that of the eagle ; and for His ever-varying diversity of good !

'I sat down to say that I thanked you for your invitation to the January pages of the KNICKERBOCKER, but that I should have nothing ; this little use of my pen, however, has caused me to think it not impossible that, on some other subject, I might find something to say. If so, I will have it ready by the ninth or tenth of December. Do not, however, count upon it, as I am good for little or nothing, and quite uncertain of myself.

'I dine almost invariably at home at four *sharp*, and generally have something to eat ; and I should be gratified if you found yourself disposed to share with me.

'I am always, my dear Sir, very sincerely,

'Yours,

'L. GAYLORD CLARK, Esq.

H. CART.

Is the New-York celebration of 'the Day' much changed since the time this note was written ? Possibly : but if so, for the worse instead of the better : while of the 'Old Bay State,' we may say, as we showed by quotation, not long since, from a picture of a New-England Thanksgiving, by our correspondent, 'PAUL BERNON,' 'There she stands, and there will she stand forever !' Of the blessings which are 'new every morning, and fresh every moment,' the 'Quaker Poet,' WHITTIER, in some recent lines of a 'Thanksgiving nature,' thus speaks to the 'Yankee heart, here, there, and everywhere :'

'Oh ! favors old, yet ever new !

Oh ! blessings with the sunshine sent !  
The bounty overruns our due,  
The fulness shames our discontent.

'We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on ;

We murmur, but the corn-ears fill :  
We choose the shadow, but the sun  
That casts it, shines behind us still.

'God gives us with our rugged soil

The power to make it Eden-fair,  
And richer fruits to crown our toil  
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

'Who murmurs at his lot to-day ?

Who scorns his native fruit and bloom ?  
Or sighs for dainties far away,  
Beside the bounteous board of Home ?'

This is true 'thanks-giving.' - - - AMONG the lecturers for the coming lecture-season, we have not seen mentioned the name of Mr. WILLIAM WIRT SIKES, formerly of the Utica '*Morning Herald*,' and at present editor of a weekly journal, entitled '*City and Country*,' published simultaneously at Piermont and Nyack, on the Hudson. Mr. SIKES, although a young man, is pronounced by those who have heard him, to be a very popular speaker, and in matter as well as manner, to greatly excel. The Clergy, the Bar, and the Press, (as we perceive by a circu-

lar which lies before us,) in Northern and Central New-York, cordially unite in his praise. The subjoined is a brief passage from one of his lectures upon *'The Noble Life'*:

'I HAVE chosen to make LOVE the last of the qualities belonging to the Noble Life, because without it, all other qualities of heart and mind are ineffectual aids to the promotion of the end sought. Without love for those who surround us, perseverance becomes selfishness, ambition becomes madness, candor becomes an impossibility, and kindness a dream. Love is the base of all good, the crown of all truth, the cause of all beauty. God-given and God-sought, it came from heaven to earth, to do its part in making earth a heaven. Where it nestles in a pure heart, LOVE becomes the best of aids to the nobility of life. Oh! what a much-abused word it is! How well it illustrates the readiness of sin to prostitute the best things to SATAN's service! Love! the brightest and best attribute of the FATHER of us all; the most brilliant gem in angelic diadems on holy brows; the blessed balm that comes to a wounded spirit with healing and hallowing influence forever; the holiest of holies in the emotions of a pure heart! Love! that spirit which, when it shall encompass our whole world in its white wings, and begin its wondrous work unmet by the devil HATE; unrepelled by sin in any one here below; will peacefully weave and weave the hearts of humankind together, until they are all children and Christians in the same harmonious family. Blessed Love! the gift of God to earth, when shall we awake and find the world under thy complete dominion? When? for then we shall be—in heaven! Heaven is love, God is love, and love is the sweet-voiced bride of every angel there!' . . . 'O spirit of good! that we must live to see principally desecrated and despoiled that which is best of all things left us here below! How it tries the soul, to see the painted harlot bearing about with her our sweet Queen's crown, and usurping her place on earth! Ah! shrewd and cunning Devil! to choose for the garment of thy skeleton the fairest garb in all the wardrobe of light and purity!

'Here be *thoughts*,' it has seemed to us. - - - A LATE number of the *'Illustrated London News'* pays the following deserved compliment to the superb and popular edition of COOPER's works, now being published by W. A. TOWNSEND AND COMPANY, in Walker-street, near Broadway: 'We have received several copies of a new issue of the works of fiction of FENIMORE COOPER, the American novelist, which are excellent specimens of neatness and completeness in their getting up. Nothing can be better than the type and paper; the illustrations are much above the average in execution; and the binding is evidently intended to cause the books to be laid ornamentally on drawing-room tables. Each tale is comprised in one volume, in what we may venture, since the use of the word has acquired high sanction, to call a handy size and shape. 'The Spy,' 'The Pioneer,' the 'Bravo,' and 'Wyandotte,' are contained in the volumes before us.' Apropos of DARLEY's superb designs, the execution of which is so highly praised by the *'News'*: 'We are glad to perceive that Messrs. TOWNSEND AND COMPANY are to present the originals, from photographs, in a volume, with the illustrative story of each prefixed, in beautiful letter-press, upon tinted paper, and 'luxuriously bound and ornamented.' Surely *that* will be a *national* gift-book for the holiday season, equally worthy the giver and the receiver, whoever *he* or *she* may be.'

'*Poesy, an Essay in Rhyme*,' is the title of a poem delivered before the Literary Societies of Columbian College, Washington, D. C., at the Smithsonian Institute, in June last, by our contemporary of the '*Southern Literary Messenger*' magazine, JOHN R. THOMPSON, Esq. It is smooth and harmonious in execution, and full-freighted with the well-garnered results of quiet reflection. We append a response to the old HORATIAN maxim: a single brief passage, yet all for which we have space:

<p>— 'NEITHER gods nor men, in their distress, Nor yet the columns of the weekly press, Can view as other than a dreadful wrong The lowlier offerings of tuneful song: A line which means, as certain critics think, That smaller poets should not deal in ink, And that until the mighty prophets come, The part of Poesy is to be dumb. Dishonored ever be the narrow rule Which claims no reverence in kind Nature's school! Which neither Summer's birds nor blooms obey, In the glad minstrelsy of rising day. Your MILTONS, GOETHES, are an age apart; Meanwhile, shall <i>no</i> one touch the world's sad heart? The stately aloe's snowy bloom appears But once, we know, within a hundred years; Because, forsooth, the aloe is the glory</p>	<p>Of Chatsworth's notable conservatory, Shall not the modest daisy from the sod Turn its meek eyes in beauty up to God? In Nature's daily prayer, when comes the dawn To tell its beads upon the dewy lawn, Shall the sweet matins of the rosy hours Miss the pure incense of the <i>little</i> flowers? O gentle spirits! wheresoe'er you dwell, On breezy upland or in quiet dell, Whether you sing in solitude and shade, Or in the sullen, crowded haunts of trade; Whose simple rhyming, in its artless grace, Has touched some hidden sorrow of the race, Or taught the world one humble lesson more Of subtle beauty all unknown before, Or soothed one heart, just when its need was sorest, With harmonies of ocean and of forest; To you be ever honorable meed, In spite of captious HORACE and his creed.'</p>
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By an oversight in 'making up' the present number of the *Editorial Narrative-History of the Knickerbocker Magazine*, the subjoined paragraphs, which should have formed its conclusion, were omitted. As the advance 'form' had passed to the stereotyper's, the reader will be so good as to *read* them in their proper connection:

The 'Lawyer' takes back the last assertion. He admits that there *were* three words in the foregoing speech, which were 'indicative of sound judgment, clear perception, and unclouded intellect: can you guess the talismanic words? No? Then I'll tell you: they are contained in the last sentence but one, when, 'suited the action to the word,' he observed: '*There's your fee!*'

Next to the 'Palmyra Letters' and 'Letters from Rome,' of Mr. WARE, and 'The Quod Correspondence,' by Mr. JOHN T. IRVING, of which we have already made mention, the narrative of '*Wilson Conwoorth*,' by Rev. JOHN W. BELLOWS, a brother of Rev. HENRY W. BELLOWS, of our city, was perhaps the longest and most immediately continuous 'serial' which appeared in our pages. It was the story of a career not so much measured by incidents as by emotions of external and 'inner life.' It was what it purported to be, a veritable transcript from real-life experience and events. It was distinguished by a naturalness and simple grace of style, and portions of it were imbued with true pathos; while the writer evinced a calm and thoughtful philosophy, and a thorough knowledge of the world — 'the harvest of an observant eye.' It was much admired by a large class of readers; but it was too minute in its emotional details, too 'subjective,' to become widely popular. The same writer, now an Unitarian clergyman in New-Hampshire, contributed also a series of seven papers upon '*Shakspeare's Seven Ages*,' which at-

tracted marked attention. - - - SINCE the veracious account published by us, on the authority of our neighbor, 'The COLONEL,' of the Shanghai rooster in Chatauque County, in this State, (who crowed with such energy, that every time he 'saluted the morn' he put his east leg out of joint, and had to be 'set' for an *encore*.) we have neither heard nor read of any thing more remarkable than the '*Singular Death of Mr. Henry Black, of Newport, Pennsylvania,*' who, in undertaking to sever the head of a hen, was attacked by a rooster, which spurred him on the hand in an artery: 'About two weeks after the accident he was attacked with intense pain, a sickening sensation of the heart, and his sufferings became insupportable. At this date a remarkable occurrence took place. He drew his entire frame together, as though to gain strength for an act, and his voice broke forth like the crowing of a rooster. This was repeated from time to time, and such was the similarity of voices, that the outside listeners asserted their belief that it was a rooster. After four days of indescribable suffering he died, and crowed no more.' 'Very cur'ous,' is n't it? - - - THE following circumstance impresses us as of a painful and sad character: 'At Columbus, Ohio, last week, a lunatic whose insanity was of a wild type, killed a comrade who roomed with him, cut him up into small pieces, ornamented them with bits of ribbon, and then proceeded to dispose of them to the other occupants of the wards as 'Christmas beef.' When the terror-stricken keeper entered the room, several of the lunatics were eating the remains, and the butcher told him with a leer that the next time he killed he should reserve him a choice cut.' Now, in the Cannibal Islands they ornament a man in this way, tie him, lay him on his back like a turtle, with a label on his abdominal periphery, stating the hour at which he will be served up. But that such things should occur in 'Christian Ohio,' 'overcomes us like a summer cloud, and makes our special wonder.' - - - IN these days of daring '*Balloonry*' the KNICKERBOCKER is to be 'counted in:' not that *we* are going up: but one of our correspondents — one of our *best* correspondents, too — has obtained permission to ascend to a great height, over a 'gel-lorious region' of our country; and what *he* sees and feels, he will make every *reader* of these pages see and feel also. The privilege of ascent is comparatively cheap: the *aeronaut-en-chef* only requiring that his companion shall be 'worth his weight in' — *gas!* 'Good many folks *an't*,' he said to our friend; 'but I guess *you* be.' The Yankee sky-voyager was right: he is 'worth his weight in *gold*,' but not counted *as* gold, in the mere standard of 'money-value.' - - - 'W. C. B.,' writing to the Editor from St. Louis, 'slips in' the following gossip anecdote. 'Every person in St. Louis knows P. W. J —, magistrate of the — ward, whose capacity almost equals that of DANIEL LAMBERT. The 'Squire is a great wag in his way, and can't 'keep it to himself.' One day the writer, while in his office, heard him say to a 'party' asking advice, that 'if an hundred men claimed compensation for the same kind of services rendered a 'party,' a judgment in favor of one would be as good to secure the debt as though rendered in favor of the entire hundred;' and added, 'I'll be d — d if it would n't!' At that moment a lawyer crossing the threshold of the door, inquired, removing his hat: 'Squire, is the Court in session?' 'No,' replied P —, solemnly and emphatically, 'no; the Court is *not* in session, or the Court would not have said, 'I'll be d — d!''

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